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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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No. 6.

MY CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES.

PAPER TENTH.

PART ONE.

THE garden of the castle cleared, we took the aqueduct leading along the causeway of La Veronica, toward the garita of San Cosmé. Every few steps lay wounded men, some senseless, others quite calm and clothed in their right mind: this one drinking from the canteen generously handed him by perhaps the very man who shot him; and that one accepting from a late deadly foe the proffered cigarito, with an easy dignity and nonchalance.

'Howld! you *villians*, howld! Them's me property, and I'll purtect 'em, so I will!'

Instinctively turning toward the voice, which clearly rose above the rout of the opening fusilade, I saw a private of mine, escorting five prisoners, whom, in the phraseology of the thread-bare jest, he had surrounded and taken. Never was there expatriated from the Green Isle of the Ocean a more noble heart than himself. His tall, ungainly frame had acquired a heroic cut, as, balanced upon one foot like an indignant gladiator, he protected his lawful prizes from threatened violence, and with looks that spoke more forcibly than words, as his huge hand clutched the lock and trigger of his musket, he made his blood-thirsty countrymen fall back. In a moment after he had turned over his captives, two of whom were officers, to the proper authorities, and then he reappeared on the busy scene. Poor Jack! less than what he and some of his younger comrades did that day would have eternized their names in armies where unobtrusive merit is sought out and rewarded; but mere privates were passed by unmentioned. Young Elwood, a boy of sixteen, was the first to spring upon General Bravo; yet his name was not mentioned until a month or two afterward, when the surgeons anatomized him, to unravel if possible, some physiological mystery.

A section of a flying battery now rumbled along the hard, smooth road, so fast as to pulverize the clay into an impalpable powder, then suddenly

halted. Magruder, the captain, wheeling his horse, gave the order to unlimber. Those who have witnessed the evolutions of such flying artillery as we then had, can form an idea of the rapidity with which the efficient artillerist put his guns in battery; and those who have not seen such, will not soon have an opportunity. Discharge followed discharge in such quick succession, that the rallying forces of our opponents were checked in their movements. Retreating to the side of the causeway, where the massive arches of the aqueduct afforded shelter, they kept up an animated return of civilities. It was a sufficient inducement for us to comply with the desire of the enemy to tarry awhile; and we did modestly remain back until the advance could be made with more propriety: the readier, indeed, because of the recklessness with which the opponents aforesaid threw their shot about. All that time, small detached parties were engaged in bandying compliments with small arms. The pleasure was worth the hazard run. Many little incidents worth relating occurred.

‘No! no! no quarter for traitors. Quick, men, load, and then — but here’s an officer. Attention!’

The allusion was to myself: the orator, a non-commissioned officer of the Fourth Infantry. In an adjoining field a score of soldiers formed a promiscuous group, in the midst of which stood several prisoners. Like their captors, the latter still grasped their fire-arms, and the misty smoke issuing from their muzzles showed that they had recently been discharged. Doggedly they stood, and silent, only returning scornful glances for the menaces of the stronger party.

‘We are under your orders, of course, Sir: but look at their caps.’

There was the damning proof. Their caps were encircled by red bands, and that was testimony of treachery sufficient to destroy them, had individual recognition failed. One look sufficed: they were deserters from our ranks to the San Patricio Battalion! So dark and tanned had they become, they might have passed for natives of the country, but a slight peculiarity in dress had attracted a fatal attention. Their doom was fixed. As one by one their names were called by quondam associates, all attempt at disguise was discarded, and they retorted in bitter tones of defiance. It would have been a solemn mockery to remind them of the fate of the greater part of their comrades in crime; for they too knew that their last quivering struggles had scarcely allowed their bodies to cool under the scaffold from which they still dangled. They well knew that but one thing could save them from expiating their treason in a like manner, and that was to stand before a platoon at ten paces. There were some who would willingly have interposed to reserve the culprits for a formal trial, but the hardened wretches were beyond the pale of sympathy, and words of mercy fell on listless ears.

By a curious coincidence, the squadron of *contra-guerrilleros* on our service, under the command of the veteran highwayman, Dominguez, came trolling up the road. They regarded the scene with as much *sang-froid* as if they were not in a similar predicament, with the same reward in store against the day of capture. These Mexican gentlemen who were usually denominated *spies*, took very little interest in our battles unless there were chances of driving their old trade: but they

religiously fulfilled all their pledges when plunder was to be had. Shooting their fellow-creatures was to them dull work ; quite insipid, indeed, unless money could be made by the operation ; and they slowly passed by without noticing a matter that did not concern them. Gay jail-birds !

I must confess that it was quite a relief when a senior officer approached, as upon him devolved the unpleasant duties of provost-marshal : and springing once more into the road, I regained more congenial company. The simultaneous report of a dozen pieces rang in my ears with a peculiar distinctness. It could not be mistaken for ordinary firing : the felons had received their choice ! Such was the finale of those miscreants' career. They richly merited the punishment ordained by the military code of all civilized nations : one, too, not at all inconsistent with the higher rule of the moral law. Taken in arms against their adopted country, their oaths as false as vows made in wine, they could not reasonably expect any mitigation of the law's severity. They had fought as desperadoes, until escape was as hopeless as their own hearts.

Within pistol-shot of the castle walls, the grass grows rank and tall in the meadows. In a field near by could be seen a couple of our soldiers holding a parley with two boys, of about the respective ages of ten and twelve, or even less. The interrogatories of the men became more savage, as their violent gesticulation attested ; but the little fellows looked quietly at the soldiers and at each other, and seemed to be undismayed. It was an enigma to me, and I looked each way for some one who could explain why the lads were meddled with at all. Every body else was busily engrossed in the skirmishing. It were futile to attempt to reach the men with my voice ; for the din of preparation was already swelling into the noise of a hurricane : as the cannon bellowed, small arms imitated the rattle of castanets, and shouts and cheers rose high. Some response made by the boys exasperated their captors. Stepping back a few paces they took deliberate aim at the breasts of the lads. Was it a mere menace to frighten them ? Possibly it was. No : scarcely a second of time had elapsed after the muskets fell to a level ere one of the victims bounded from the soft carpet of grass, tottered an instant, with upthrown arms, then fell back into its yielding embrace, *dead !* How exciting to the passive spectator ! A wide ditch was between us, and the only means of passage was a narrow foot-bridge a hundred yards distant from me ; then the long, tripping grass intervened, and all that was to be done in half the time it takes to think of it. The other musket had missed fire ; it had become foul by the amount of powder fused. The remaining lad placidly folded his arms across his breast, and awaited the fleeting messenger which was so soon to consign him to a peaceful sleep. As soon as the man could shake some fresh priming into the pan, he re-cocked, and a puff of white smoke darted from the muzzle of his piece. With the pang that tells the severance of soul and body, the last short act of a thrilling tragedy was finished. I wish my eyes had not witnessed the deed, for sometimes it comes into my mind when all is still around, and then it makes audible the beating of my heart. Wholesale carnage did not so painfully impress me as the killing of two lads. At the preliminary movements of

the self-appointed executioners, and until the first barrel had sent out a fiery stream, their intentions were not divivable: but then, the rifle that I had picked up early in the action, instinctively sought my shoulder, and the sight was about to cover the man still in reserve, as I meditated sending a bullet through his brain. It sank again. It had been discharged a few moments before, and was still unloaded.

The youths might have been deserters, for many of our music-boys were no older: they might have been guilty of some dark deed which war familiarizes to those who were otherwise innocent and kind. The enigma still remains unsolved. The youthful martyrs—for so they seemed—heroically met their fate. Indifferent effort at word-painting could not convey an idea of my emotions at the scene; nor can any one, without the kindling accessories of time and place, fully realize them. A manœuvre of the enemy required a corresponding shifting of position on our part, by which I was prevented from again seeing the homicidal actors, even had it been desirable. Perhaps justice, harsh, inexorable justice, had been dealt out to the boys: yet how improbable! Were they guiltless? Then their slayers are left to the unerring JUDGE, to receive a retribution that the most callous-hearted atrocity merits. Until then, if in the wrong, may the intensest lashings of conscience, if such they possess, perpetually remind them of their sin!

'*Too-roo too, ti-roo-too,*' vehemently rang from a trumpet, whose blower seemed intent on splitting the brazen instrument or bursting his own lungs. The blast was directly in our front, and well-trained ears told us that the signal announced a charge of Mexican cavalry. It was responded to by our lads with cheers louder than all the noise, and the archways reverberated the loud acclaim. All were eager to come to close quarters. The expected feat was not performed: and whether the intent was to create diversion, or because the courage of the doughty cavaliers oozed out at their finger-ends, the result was the same: the sagacious foemen did not budge. A breast-work barred the road near to the Protestant cemetery of San Tomas, and we were advancing to stir up those there posted, just for sport. The pleasure of the chase is never so ecstatic as when the game is human.

'General Worth desires you to halt, Sir, until further orders,' said an aid, who, half-breathless with riding, came up to our leader. In unwilling compliance with instructions, the guns were again unlimbered and pointed to the work in front.

'Sharp work over the way!' observed a friend to me, as he steadily gazed toward the Bridge of the Insurgents, where the battalion of Morelia had made such a memorable resistance. Upon stepping into one of the arches of the aqueduct, a tableau was exposed which made the heart to bound: a scene that caused the electric current to rush with increased velocity through the nervous system of such persons as *have* nerves. Across the wet, spongy ground, unbroken by a single undulation, where sailed the light canoe of the Indian before the enginery of the scientific pale-face drained a great portion of the lake, we saw the column of General Quitman hotly engaged. The animated struggle, as almost hand to hand they fought, the occasional booming of the large guns, and the volleying roll of musketry, the more distinctly heard because of

our temporary inactivity, made men rabid. With eager glance we swept the intermediate space, for some avenue or means of joining our countrymen. No medium of communication appeared. We then consoled ourselves with the idea that it was the illusion of distance, and that our side presented quite as charming a picture during the busier hours of the day. So they cut and thrust, loaded and fired, charged and ran, rolled into the slimy mud and scrambled out again, and had the fun to themselves, until the enemy wavered and fled toward the city-gate.

The prospect of our soon moving was so slight that the fellows gathered into knots, out of the range of harm : and they chatted and took a lunch from their havresacks, or a draught from the limpid stream, with as much coolness and apparent indifference as if the dangers of the day were past, or their lives insured, with the policies in their pockets. The uninitiated, whose military experience never extended beyond the glory of shambling along on a broken-winded horse on training-day, cannot fully understand the feeling. The fear of personal danger seldom troubles the true soldier. The experienced man of war contemplates the strife with a smile, in the comfortable assurance that 'every bullet has its billet ;' he troubles not himself with imaginary evils, for he has enough of the genuine article. Like society at large, the army is made up of all kinds and conditions of men. A complex piece of mosaic work, the aggregate is a curious compound of entertainers of every shade of opinion, creed, moral and physical complexion : dissimilar in character, unequal in quantity and quality, they yet are all essential in forming the concrete whole. One is a soldier because he had a wife ; another, because he had none ; some, from a superabundance of courage ; others, to increase their moderate inbred stock of the same : this one, because care weighed him down ; that one, because he was destitute of any care. There are those who entered the service to finish their education ; who desired to more than read and hear of battles ; who wished to peep behind the curtain, and see how the thing is done ; who take a campaign or two, and follow the profession *con amore* the rest of their days. Those there are, in the morning of life, whose veins burn wildly, as the vital fluid courses through them as if anxious to be let out : buoyant with hope and spirits from their very thoughtlessness and inexperience : who go into an action with hearts as light as if to tread the mazy dance. The merry grig near me is such an one. He beguiles the idle moments with snatches of ballads about 'Mary dear' whose true love's far away, or he cracks jokes. Could we but dissect the internal organization of the mind, and disclose the hidden springs of action, what an analysis it would be ! We might then conclude that all of our army do not assume the colors from patriotic motives : but as our means are limited on that score, we must not make any flying assertion, but indulge the most charitable presumption, and leave all who will, to speculate upon unscrupulous promotion and gain. There are few of the selfish in comparison to the number of an army : yet that man who is so elated at the death of his senior officer is one of the detestable class. Such were my reflections during three minutes' time, as we rested.

Our attention was soon called off to a substantial white stone build-

ing situate on ground reclaimed from the ancient bed of the lake. It stood out from its rich green parterre like a fresh water-lily from its leaves, and was pleasant withal to the sight. A body of the enemy had ensconced their comely selves therein : but after returning for a little while the salutes of our skirmishers, they wisely determined to vacate the premises, and raised upon the roof the symbol of capitulation — the white flag. Sanguine of taking a host of military gentlemen under our fraternal charge, a number of us hastened to cross the ditches and moats that abounded betwixt us and the objects of desire : and having with leaps and strides and springs accomplished that end, we stood in front of the elegant mansion.

The white flag, so gossamer-like at a distance, but which upon closer inspection appeared to have been purloined from the laundry, still waved from the roof. The rooms and walls smelt strongly of villainous saltpetre as we stalked into the house to seize our lawful prey. But where were they ? — gone ? Echo and the landlord answered *gone* ! While we were floundering about in the mud, they had prudently retired, and were now safe from pursuit : and the retreat was achieved in so masterly a manner, that nothing of the glorious circumstance of war, not so much as a cartridge-box or the fringe of a worsted shoulder-knot, was to be seen. Instead of fire-eaters ranged in a row behind huge bristling moustaches, we only met an affable Frenchman, probably the lord of the manor. He gave us hearty welcome, and an invitation to participate in the good cheer of the establishment. We must be fatigued ? He was sure we were. We explained. ‘ Ah ! ha ! *le drapeau blanc* ! ’ As he significantly glanced in the direction of the city, with its circumvallation of fortifications, he ventured to hint that a visit to his larder would not be amiss. He was under the impression that there was little probability of our very soon obtaining permanent quarters or any board or lodging inside the hostile lines. Knowing that his countrymen did not deeply fraternize with the native-born citizens, we, as in duty bound by courtesy, laughed at his jests : and furthermore we informed him that our leader had overruled the decision of Santa Anna, who forbade men or devil to enter. An assertion that the premises were evacuated, combined with fresh foot-prints on the herbage without, was satisfactory evidence of the fact. We were prevailed upon to tarry a moment with the host. A nice, dapper little man he was, and the consequence was, he became very popular with us. Ardent fluids were tendered, and as quickly declined. Some of the warriors who scented the liquors from afar were not proverbially as abstemious as anchorites, when allowed too much latitude. However, to avoid giving offence, another species of refreshment was quite acceptable. Then copious supplies of *pulque* were brought, and a prolonged gurgling noise proved that ample justice was done to that grateful beverage — that nectar and ambrosia of the natives. This exhilarator has been the favorite of the Mexicans from the time of colonizing the valley. It is recorded that their old men were permitted to imbibe until they became as full of grog as of years : an act that in case of juvenile indiscretion was visited with condign chastisement. Old-fogyism is an ancient institution.

Drawing from its case the field-telescope which had found its way into my possession while I was an acting aid-de-camp, and steadying it against a salient angle of a wall, I peered back toward the town of Tacubaya, the better to judge how things went at the scene of the first fight of the day. It did not require the aid of a glass to perceive the prancing of a mounted officer, who advanced on the carriage-road laid in the spongy soil of the meadow-land. Doubtless he was allured by the same 'Will-o'-the-wisp' which had led us into the bogs and fens, the white flag. As the sun flashed upon the polished lens and tube, the cavalier wheeled his horse, and imitating the skill of the red man of the wilds, he spread himself almost flat on the back of his steed, and retraced his steps with arrow-like speed. He did not stop to take notes nor make observations, until he had placed a good distance between his own precious person and what in his imagination was a piece of ordnance, treacherously levelled against him. Such a swift expert in equitation would certainly have taken the cup at any ordinary race. Had it transpired who the equestrian was, the service might have lost one of its men. The incident added materially to the good-humor of all who witnessed it. Loud laughter ensued; and it was none the milder, that the boisterous crew had recently been lodging in a damp trench. A farewell to our host, and we got back again to the theatre of active operations.

The light battery was still at a halt, in silence, and the men belonging to it were dismounted: and, regardless of the shot that occasionally whizzed past, they were discussing the events of the day. The officers were as anxious as their men to advance. Their manifestations of impatience did not diminish as the skirmishers in front threatened to spoil the sport before the artillery could take much of a hand in it. More than once did the wily foe draw small parties into ambuscades, for which the waving fields of maize and a grove of trees afforded excellent facilities.

'Here you black fellow!' shouted a corporal to a gentleman of color, who sat with his back against a tree. A fine stream of ascending smoke denoted that he was reducing a roll of the narcotic weed to ashes. So effectually was darkey under the soothing influence of the solacer of what amount of wordly care he might be supposed to have, that he heeded not the call. Immersed in a sea of reverie, or not choosing to recognize the title, he answered not until again hailed. He at length rolled his eye-balls round to save the trouble of moving his body, and said: 'Call me, Sah? — my name is Scipio.'

'Yes; jump up — take that musket near you, and help to keep the embrasures clear of the Dons. Good shot?'

'Hab dat reputation, Sah: hab dat reputation at home in Souf Carlina, but must decline de honor, here: must, indeed, Sah.'

The cool response of the lineal descendant of an African prince, (all Southern darkies are descended at least from nobility,) and the roguish leer that sat upon his ebon face, were not half as provoking as the low chuckle of glee which escaped him.

'What d'ye mean, rascal? — jump!' exclaimed the man of brief authority, inflamed with wrath. The impertinent fellow kept his place,

and the smoke of the fragrant weed still curled upward from his ample lips.

'Beg pardon, Sah : meant no 'fence, Sah — no 'fence. De fac is dis : I belong to Leftenant M —, ob de Palmettoes. I'se cook, and Massa told me to look out for de mess tings, Sah, and I'se gwine to. Yah ! yah !'

The argument was conclusive, and fully established the right of the bondsman to exemption from powder and ball, beside giving him some license to show his impudent teeth to those below his master's rank : but had it been otherwise, his sardonic squint would have brought upon his woolly pate the spleen of the excited corporal.

At a signal, the artillery-men sprung into their saddles, and upon the caissons and gun-carriages, and dashed along the road until within less than point-blank range of the breastwork of San Tomas. There, two pieces, a cannon and a howitzer, were being trained, with the laudable design of purifying the neighborhood of all who claimed alliance with our colors. When our guns opened in return, and the flashes struck the enemy's eyes, they either fell flat upon the ground, and so let the shot fly harmlessly over their heads, or with a truly magical rapidity darted like lizards into the hospitable archways, and thus for the most part escaped. They were nimble gymnasts. During the continuance of this, our skirmishers' rifle and infantry had jumped into the dry ditch running parallel with the road, and stooping out of sight, with arms trailed, stole along in the direction of the unsuspecting foe, who in the mean time had their attention directed to other objects. Suddenly the sprightly lads appeared under the very noses of their opponents. From behind a tree, I saw one who appeared to be a leader of the Mexicans in front of their work, and to judge by the rich velvet poncho that hung upon his shoulders, he was a man of rank.

Then was the time to cut off the leading spirits ! As he stood on an elevation, making motions, I took aim. His fine figure was a capital mark. No time was to be lost ; for a second was of value. I drew a bead on him, and the rifle-ball went spinning on its fell errand. It was a nervous piece of business to shoot such a gallant soldier, but duty ! duty ! required the sacrifice. Such a man might cost the lives of a score of us. My heart beat violently. He did not fall, but the bullet did, right by him. It was one of the worst shots I had ever made. Our cannon ceased to play, and notwithstanding the beating of the storm full in their faces, our men leaped the narrow moat, and rushed into the work. Hurrah ! the position was carried. The owners of the ordnance consulted safety in a precipitate removal to a more secure position, about two hundred yards nearer the city gate. The road there turned at nearly a right angle, and exhibited the task preparing for the assailants. Shortly after making my bad shot, I was grasping the object of it by the hand, and telling him hurriedly the story. It tickled him. A miss was as good as a mile. The dare-devil was a private of our army, who, after adorning himself with his plunder, bearded the lion in his den, in advance of all his comrades. To follow up the chase was the most natural course in the world. Away, tally-ho ! like hounds slipped from the leash, went the whole of the

advanced party. Our men loaded as they ran at full speed : while the enemy, adopting the Parthian mode of warfare, sent back their missiles as they fled

The whistling shower that then flew about would certainly have been none the less agreeable if composed of milder ingredients. The tiger had to be looked in the eyes to insure success. Over went the gallant bearer of the guide-color : yet scarcely had he bit the dust when another as brave raised the little red flag of the Fourth Infantry. A ball shattered the right hand of the bearer : he shifted the color to his left, and slacked not his rapid pace, until another shot pierced his forehead, and he reeled and measured his length on the earth. A blue-jacket stooped, and by the hair lifted the head of his comrade and propped it on a knapsack lying there — a useless act of kindness. Again the flag soared in the van, as if the charm were working in the third trial. Two minutes more would have given us the guns : the garita would by their immediate help have fallen into our hands, and with a great saving of life, an entrance to the city would have been won. Just then a bugle behind us sounded the recall. It was an ill wind that raised that blast. About seventy good men and true were brought to a dead halt. The systematic coolness of the old birds, and the unchilled ardor of the youngsters, who were as merry as crickets, then clashed in the crisis.

'*Fall back !*' commanded the senior officer.

'The recall can not be for us. *Come on !*' shouted another, insubordinately. I think it was my friend Maurice M —, of the Fourth Infantry.

'*Follow lads !*' sang out a third, as he pointed his thirsty blade to the advance. He was the man. Follow was the word ; and about thirty became at once afflicted with a total deafness to all sounds from the rear ; but the majority, obeying the call of discipline, much against their wishes, fell back upon the main body. That moment's hesitation was fatal to success. The smaller band boldly trotted on, although unsupported ; but the deliberation had allowed the enemy time to get their guns into position. Enfilading the street, they poured out a galling stream of copper balls, scraps of iron, and such like. The musketeers on the roofs kept an ever-active discharge, until there was scarce a man of the party who escaped some scratch or wound, while several fell to rise no more. Then the party sought shelter for an instant in the reëntering angle of a wall, to take breath and form a plan of further operations.

It was not any the more comforting, that by a coincidence we stood upon the exact spot where were enacted the scenes of *La Noche Triste*, the *sad night* : when Cortes and his heroic band of graceless scamps found themselves hemmed in on every side : when, pierced with arrows and darts, many were dragged into the boats alongside the causeway, to grace the idolatrous sacrifice, or give variety to cannibal feasts. It was somewhat ominous. The antiquarian who suggested the unpleasant thoughts, received only shrugs of shoulders for his pains. Although the mooted question of Alvarado's wonderful leap on that eventful night was tacitly reserved for future discussion, yet all who were then

present, and still survive in the flesh, can attest, that in the retreat, a little later, the alleged gigantic leap of the conquistador was rivalled by a baker's dozen. Whew! what an incentive to gymnastic efforts it is, to have a couple of heavy-shotted guns blazing away a hundred yards in rear of one's coat-tail! Wo be to him whose joints lack suppleness, whose limbs are short, or habit plethoric, at such a time! Seven-league boots would not save him if he had to stop to put them on. The missiles crashed through the boles and lower branches of the beautiful trees that lined one side of the street: and the crumbling of bricks of the heavy houses, and the shattering of the wood-work of the more humble dwellings, admonished the laggard to stir himself up. Then our cannon opened their hoarse throats in reply, and a squadron of lancers in pursuit of us got more than they bargained for. But I am completely out of breath, and must rest awhile on a stone, while fresh men take their turn.

PART TWO.

I PROPOSE to take a walk. My fierce compatriots may spend their spare moments in indolent activity. I will take a quiet walk. 'Take a walk!' That's what few know how to do — meaning, in their own company — without feeling a disposition to yawn.

'Take my word for it,' (said a *vielle moustache* to me at a midnight out-post bivouac,) 'take my word for it, when a man can't take pleasure in his own society, there must be something wrong.' So I then thought, and still believe; for if one cannot take a solitary ramble without his wits going wool-gathering, and all kinds of imps, elves, and intrusive demons, unwelcome as unbidden guests, harassing his brain, he must be a miserable fellow indeed: and he should, by all means, be married, so that a brace of unhappy mortals may be linked together. Any member of my mess might have given me a good character for sociability: yet, in spite of fondness for my kind, it was my wont to let Imagination have full play, like a young colt turned loose after breaking in. It is very well to allow it to expatiate at large, and people the mind with ideas — the more precious from their scarceness — and in the absence of tangible company to create 'airy nothings' and furnish a variety of comforts, elsewhere denied. I was about to take a walk, alone.

The skirmishing had gradually subsided into a few cracks, and far between, leaving most of the work to the Artillery. In fact, the affair was becoming decidedly stupid. Ever since dawn, 'five tall fellows' had been shooting each other, and there was imminent peril from hunger, unless a cessation of hostilities gave time to recuperate — and eat. Hunger! that word but faintly expresses the vitriolic sensation that gnawed into my visceral region. Fortunately, there was a tacit and exceedingly well-timed understanding, to suspend mutual annoyances for a brief space. Had it not been for a certain rule of military etiquette, I dare say all would gladly have anticipated the occurrence of a later date, and dined with their national enemies: but, as matters then stood, there was nothing to do but to cast about for the wherewithal

to prolong existence, until a well-directed round of ammunition should close the account.

'*Boong! blang!*' 'A shell! a shell! — look out! — here comes another.'

It seemed unkind, just as our men were ransacking their havresacks, in search of provender to throw bomb-shells among them: and, at the best, it was a piece of ceremony which they would have willingly have foregone.

'That's the dinner-gong,' chuckled a rifleman, as he sat munching his dry food.

As the first shell had done no more harm than to cut a waggon-mule in twain, scatter a crowd of teamsters, and drive a small negro-boy to turn a summersault, and seek refuge beneath an unhurt mule, it did not cause much commotion. Every body made low reverences: that was all. Its successor impinged on the edge of the aqueduct, grinding the masonry to powder, and harmlessly burst. A few inches to one side, and a live shell would have lighted in the midst of about thirty persons, embracing many of our most distinguished officers. Almost every corps engaged had its representative there. After a short council of war was concluded, several started off, in different directions, to forage for a meal. I cannot pretend to that philosophy which can make famines to dance, and fevers to sing; but I was too old a campaigner to be down-cast at the trivial mishap of an empty viaticum. Raising my dusty cap, to cool a fevered brow, I scanned each object within the range of visual rays, for some prognostic of good cheer. The smoke ascending from an *adobe* hut caught my eyes, for the blue wreaths, that scarcely mounted into the thin atmosphere, were an earnest of life and habitation. My internal cravings were to be alleviated.

Forbidding as was the uncouth, neglected look of the exterior, my olfactories elicited promise from the inside of the rural home. Behold me, seated in company with five as ferocious, ill-looking natives as could easily be pictured, all engaged in watching, with cat-like glances, the motions of a sulky specimen of the softer sex, who was cooking dinner. Military habits engender a great contempt for the restrictions and conventionalities of polite society, which would require a week's notice to dine. Waiving all formalities, which tend to embarrass simple people, like my hosts, I determined to partake of the frugal repast, in their own homely style. The manner in which they received me did not argue their belief that, like the Patriarch, they might be entertaining an angel unawares: but that might be owing to diffidence. There was no doubt that they would have made an angel of me — if they could.

In answer to my inquiry: '*Tiene algo a comer?*' Each one of the worthies wagged the index-finger of his right hand, the more forcibly to convey the unanimous response: '*No hay, nada.*' Not desiring to evince doubt of the veracity of my informants, but setting that down to bashfulness, in a degree, or 'in a horn,' if you please. An inspection of the *cuisine* removed all doubt. In addition to a plentiful supply of vegetables in preparation, a large fat fowl was undergoing the process of a broil! The knaves watched me askance, with the eye of a night-

bird. Perchance they had 'made a hit' on the road, and were about to regale themselves on the plunder.

While awaiting the repast, and inhaling the steam, so redolent of savory herbs, I sat in a corner by the door, studying the idiosyncrasies of the *hombres*, through the media of their physiognomies. One of the number, of a sinister expression of countenance, and withal of a murderous cast, with half-averted gaze, surveyed my person from top to toe, meanwhile muttering something which my ear could not catch. The others scowled fiercely, and seemed disposed to eject me from the premises by summary process : but as such an eviction would incidentally have furnished the *confrères* an opportunity of scouring their knives against my ribs — and dear me ! I am so ticklish — my only safety lay in prompt measures to enjoin them against 'proceeding.' Giving the fellow nearest me a quick punch with my rifle, as a hint to stop the impoliteness of whispering in company, I toyed with the lock of the piece, as much as to tell them, that it might accidentally go off, and hurt some body. The clattering of the arms nettled them still more : nor was their uneasiness lessened, when a howitzer, exceeding its proper range, burst over-head, with a noise that was a compound of shrieks, fiendish laughs, and shrill whistles, as the torn fragments flew away : and they started up, to see through the openings in the cabin-walls the white balloon-like cloud sailing away into the azure sky. Dismayed, they would have rushed from the place : but it was not prudent to let them pass me : so up went the rifle's muzzle again. That motion quelled the mutiny, until even the smothered mutterings of indignation ceased, as their bosoms heaved and swelled with grief and disappointment.

Poor fellows ! — what a situation ! Scylla and Charybdis ! — what a battery of looks they directed against me, as they merged from the talkative to the taciturn ! No basilisk was there. They were as innocent as if they were intended to be terrible. The *Señorita* did not fully enter into their feelings, as was evident from the smirk on her face. A piece of the precious metal had crossed her palm, as half-gratuity, half-compensation for the bill of fare : and may-be she had some of the lighter foibles of her sex, including a fancy for the soldier-lacings. Dear soul ! With what a look of witchery she spun round to serve up the viands !

Had I not been familiar with the outrageous custom of the country, of almost poisoning food with pungent spices and peppers, the fare would not have vanished so rapidly : but the additional sauce of hunger, and the chance of being shot, before poison could have time to work, banished all hesitation. After all, it was not a bad dinner. Waving my hand, with an air of gravity, and a mock dignity equal to that of the Mexicans, I gave the sturdy rogues to understand that their visitor was not to be out-done in deeds of generosity, but had made them residuary-legatees of the unconsumed viands. Their feast was necessarily for the most part on fancy, but that would counteract any natural tendency to corpulency !

The fun was about to commence, as I re-joined my comrades — my hungry and cross associates. On the roof of one of the most elevated buildings, Gen. WORTH stood overlooking operations, directing his eagle

glance to each pregnable point of attack, and issuing orders accordingly. Two Mexican women were seen staggering across the road under the weight of some heavy burden. Some great treasure, doubtless : for who would peril life and limb, as they did, unless for great reward or gain ? A little closer view disclosed an action seldom equalled in any other clime. They did not falter in their anxiety to secure the precious budget, although the air was vocal with the singing of balls ; and they stopped not until they had deposited the prize out of the way of harm. It was a poor soldier whom they so lugged along, and he an enemy, and no Adonis at that. It was John McK —, of my company, who had saved his five prisoners from harm that morning at Chepultepec. He told me the story a week after, as he lay on the only bed of one of his protectoresses, who was then making him broth from her last chicken ! He thanked her a month. He was then dead.

Our straggling forces were concentrating for the final assault. The clear notes of a bugle echoed from the arches of the aqueduct. We knew the signal. It was necessary for us to pass singly within range of the enemy, stationed at the garita. At the latticed windows of one of the larger houses, whose *sala* was but a yard or so above the pavement, were seen two foreign young ladies, whose likeness to each other proclaimed them to be sisters. Both pressed forward to look out, although the bars of iron were bent, and the casements of the windows shattered by shot. The game of life that was being played, absorbed them, and they entirely forgot personal safety. There was a palpable sympathy for our uniform ; for no sooner was a request for a draught of water breathed in Spanish, than several bottles of *vino-tinto* were handed through the bent bars, and an animated, though hurried conversation, in English, commenced. Never lily-scented maidens looked more charming ; never did a touch of Cockney-English sound more sweet, than then. We swigged the wine, hazarded our lives, and thought of home. The green veil which one of them wore was, to me, what the print of a palm-tree was to the Arab in a street in London. Sunny boyhood was revived : and the halcyon days of early youth came back. We took a lingering look, and were gone !

Gen. SCOTT had come up. Walls were scaled or broken through in the rear of the houses, and the roofs peopled with our men. The church of San Cosmé had been taken, and from its flat roof our wicked little mountain-howitzers poured down a destructive fire upon the heads of surprised foemen. Teamsters and army-followers had ascended to the church-top, where they did good service as sharp-shooters. Almost in the moment of victory, several were struck, and losing their balance, turned over and over, as they fell from the fearful height to the ground ! The final onset was successful. SANTA ANNA escaped by getting over a wall, while his aid-de-camp, all the troops stationed near the garita, and all the cannon but one, fell into the hands of the Americans of the North. *Hurrah ! — the city was entered !*

The last regular battle of the war had been fought and won. Many who were the impersonation of manliness, whose features I could not forget, were life as long again, attested the act, with the red seal of their hearts' blood ! The work finished, it would make an angel weep to see

the carnage of that spot ! The jubilant shout of victory does not rise : the death-drum throbs no longer : all seems to be suppressed. It cost too dear !

Then the holy reflection, that the ministering inhabitants of the air had fulfilled a mission of philanthropy, in averting the tangible, yet as unseen, hail of battle, stole over the minds of the survivors, who ever thought. NIGHT was drawing her curtain over the scene.

'Let not sleep,' said Pythagoras, 'let not sleep fall upon thine eyes, until thou hast thrice reviewed the transactions of the day.' The sage was not a soldier, in actual service, when he thus discoursed : he would not then have always followed his own prescription. No sooner had my head struck its resting-place, than I was beyond the reach of dreams. Two of our largest-sized mortars were fired in the night, within fifty yards of me : a dying soldier was laid by my side, on the same mattress, and attended by faithful comrades : yet neither circumstance kept sleep from my eye-lids for three seconds after its occurrence. The guard was taken from the troops who were the least fatigued : the stormers were excused. We slept.

W. H. BROWNE.

G L I M P S E S .

BY MISS L. E. VICKROY.

WHEN the Angels their holiest vigils keep,
As our life lies folded in silence deep
In the arms of DEATH, and we call it sleep :

Familiar music we often hear,
As by Memory brought from some other sphere :
Strains which we know, yet have learned not here.

And glimpses wander the vision o'er,
Of paths where our footsteps have gone before,
In some far-off shadowy Heretofore.

And fair is the light where the Spirit stands,
And dear are the smiles of the kindred bands,
And the fond caresses of loving hands !

We may know not now where the region lies,
Under the arch of whose cloudless skies,
Such love looked out of such gentle eyes :

But these glimpses show how this life of pain
Is only a link in an endless chain,
Like, 'mid sands of an ocean, one small grain :

And we find where we grope 'midst shadows deep,
The secrets OBLIVION fain would keep,
Almost revealed in the realm of Sleep !

Arnsctown, (Pa.) August, 1855.

T H E L A S T S I E G E .

The purple clusters of the grape are pressed,
 The song amid the vineyards is at rest :
 The mellow fruit upon the bending bough,
 The reapers' golden sheaves, are gathered now
 In Palestine the harvest-shout is done,
 The 'Feast of Tabernacles' is begun.

Up to Jerusalem the tribes repair,
 The hum of merry voices fills the air :
 The myrtle-blossom casts its fragrance round,
 With silver willow and the palm leaf bound
 And psaltery and harp, and Music's shout,
 With cymbals' clang, to the blue skies ring out.
 But hark ! there swelleth o'er the festal song
 A note of Lamentation deep and long :
 Whence doth it come, so fearfully and lone —
 That wild, deep voice of the sepulchral tone ?

Far, far above the busy, moving crowd,
 Where the green hill-top seems to kiss the cloud,
 Stands one who, in his gestures strange, would seem
 As one who walketh in a frenzied dream :
 His dusky robe floats out against the sky,
 A Prophet's light is in his restless eye :
 His arms are raised, as if in wild despair —
 The wind is sporting on his temples bare :
 'Tis his — the voice, the wild unearthly cry :
 And as the eager multitudes come nigh,
 Thus, echoing round the city's mighty walls,
 Upon their startled ears the warning falls :

'A VOICE from the east and west,
 From the rising and setting sun :
 A voice from the winds of Heaven,
 Whose race ye soon must run :
 A voice against the altar-side,
 A voice against the Nation's pride,
 Against the bridegroom and the bride —
 Oh ! woe to them !
 Woe to the shining Temple's dome,
 Woe to the cheerful hearth and home —
 Woe to Jerusalem !'

Still comes the echo back upon the air,
 But the lone Prophet is no longer there :
 He hath passed on amid the distant throng,
 With eye so piercing and with step so strong !
 He windeth 'mid the laugh and cymbals' play,
 As one whose dwelling-place is far away.

'Tis the eighth day, just ere the set of sun :
 The Tabernacle feast is nearly done :
 The pure white temple, with its gold and gems,
 Stands gleaming through the leafy olive stems,
 With purple wild-flowers o'er the door-veil hung

From jeweled columns shadows light are flung,
 And over all, far in the red light, shine
 The clustering blossoms of the golden vine.
 The sons of ISRAEL are gathered there
 To offer to their GOD a grateful prayer.
 The rainbow-light through burnished windows flows,
 As if with wreaths of flame, the arched roof glows :
 And, stretching far the fretted aisles between,
 The entrance to the holy place is seen.
 The Levites, with their silver trumps, stand round ;
 Their long, white vestments flow upon the ground :
 And waxen candles, in their golden stems,
 Fling brightness o'er the brodered robes and gems.
 The curtains from the inner shrine arise,
 The High-Priest cometh to the sacrifice :
 The victim's blood flows o'er the marble fair,
 A cloud of fragrance melts upon the air :
 The frankincense upon the altar burns,
 And to the holy place the priest returns :
 The wax lights in the scented air grow dim,
 With sound of harp and trump peals out the Hymn :

' We praise THEE, GOD above,
 LORD of the earth and skies !
 THOU giv'st the harvest-time,
 THOU biddest the storms arise.

' We praise THEE, LORD ' —

But hark ! what voice is there
 So sadly ringing out upon the air ?
 Still, still it cometh : listen to its tone :

' Wo to the shining Temple's dome,
 Wo to the cheerful hearth and home :
 Woe to Jerusalem ! '

Ho comes ! he comes ! — the prophet wild and lone :
 The Hymn is hushed, the trump and cymbal's sound,
 And but the shrill, despairing cry rings round :
 ' Woe to Jerusalem ! '

SEVEN times they've gathered in the golden corn,
 Since first that cry was o'er the city borne :
 Then palm-trees cast their shadows, light and still,
 The olive bloomed upon the sunny hill :
 The waving branches are no longer there,
 The myrtle's fragrance fills no more the air :
 The brook still floweth, but its banks are dyed
 In the red stream, that mingles with its tide :
 For the green hills have seen the battle-spear,
 Have heard the clash of shield and helmet near.
 The Enemy hath pitched his camp around
 Amid the valleys — but there comes no sound
 From the besieged within the mighty wall :
 A silence, even of Death, is o'er them all !
 For FAMINE, with its withering breath, hath sped,
 Strewing their palaces and streets with dead !

The strong man flingeth all his armor by,
 And near the temple lieth down to die ;
 The mother sinketh to her dreamless rest,
 With famished babe upon her icy breast ;
 And those who linger o'er their forms to weep,
 Deem it too blessed, that untroubled sleep.

'Tis night ; a trumpet peals along the wall,
 The foeman answers to the echoing call ;
 A sound of clashing swords and flying feet
 Is rising far along the silent street.
 The night is gone, the day looks down again ;
 Spears ring and banners float upon the plain ;
 The victor and the vanquished, side by side,
 Are rolling in their life-blood's crimson tide.
 Upon the battlements a form is seen,
 Rushing with wild, distracted eye and mien :
 'Woe to the people ! Lo ! the arrows flee !
 Woe to Jerusalem ! woe, woe to me !'
 A stone descends from off the towers high ;
 And, as the echo still repeats the cry,
 The prophet falls, 'mid shriek and triumph-swell :
 He has fulfilled his dreary mission well.

'Tis eve ; the Roman resteth in his tent —
 The fight is done, the victor's strength is spent ;
 The helm is lifted from his heated brow,
 The sword, unsheathed, is resting by him now.
 His face is turned to the bright setting sun ;
 Perchance he muses on the battle won,
 Perchance upon the mystic prophet's word.
 He starts, he turns, he grasps again his sword ;
 A shout is borne upon the evening air,
 A frantic wail, as if of wild despair :
 'Save ! save ! the holy place, the temple burns !'
 Swift thitherward his flying steps he turns ;
 In mad confusion shout the assembled throng,
 The echoing hills the piercing shrieks prolong.
 He gains the blood-stained spot, he waves his hand,
 And gives in trumpet-tones his stern command :

'Save ye the altars of your God,
 The holy aisles your fathers trod !
 Fling not a torch or brand !
 Save ! save ! the flames are rushing high !
 Men ! soldiers ! sons of Israel ! fly !
 Ye sacrilegious wretches ! stand !'

They heed him not, they have not heard the sound ;
 'Mid roar of crackling flame his voice is drowned.
 Far spread the flames, and louder roars the din,
 A crowd has gathered in the court within ;
 The smoking pillars one hot ruin fall —
 Men, soldiers, priest, and temple, perish all !

'Tis done, and desolation makes its home
 Where in the sun-light gleamed the temple's dome ;
 'Tis done, and Jewish tribes their tribute bring
 The heathen conqueror, Judea's king.

RACHEL A. ACKERMAN.

H O M E .

In the night when all is silent and still, and the little stars twinkle in the far-off heavens, I look lingeringly across the wide ocean and sigh for home. The power and beauty of that word few can realize who have not at some time lived in other lands, far away from the associations of early childhood, and from the sweet by-lanes all fragrant with the primrose, the daisy and the brier — lanes where children gathered in joyful gambol of mirth, sacred now to the heart of ripened manhood.

It is some years since I first thought of wandering into distant parts, and gathering up the romance of enchanted localities, to return laden with associations that should make me happy, and lend a halo of glory to my homely fireside.

Man sets out in the morning, all-sufficient in his enthusiasm, and chanting his merry notes thinks so to pass through the turmoil and contention of life ; in the midst of his journey he wavers and staggers oft, without knowing which way to go. See him — a look backward and a look forward — mammon is struggling with him, while affection is presenting to his view the child at its play, and the rippling brook where he was wont to watch the bubbles, as they kissed the lillies in the evening tide — accents gentle say : ‘ Home, Home.’

Our ejaculations startle many ; they view us with astonishment ; they are dim, shadowy, and incoherent ; often in talk the heart is wandering and unstable, where it should be fixed and abiding.

Oh ! this indecision of purpose, this gnawing at the heart, that will not let us rest ; all the day long we are binding ourselves to the bidding of expediency, and all the night unravelling those very things by the force of affection.

Awhile we have a quiet conscience, build up friendships, and think what other years will do, if God spares us, to cement those ties ; but suddenly a little trivial incident unmans us, the music that swells the hearts of our fellow-workers finds us in tears. Yes ! that is a song mother used to sing ; we remember her gentle voice ; that sweet, benignant face we must see again.

Our resolutions of yester-hour are gone. Once again we start on a new life ; we talk to our friends of going home, resigning all our prospects, and gladdening the old fireside by our presence ; and yet we do not get away ; the struggle goes on ; we are not consistent ; we are as changeable as the wavering wind : so say those who know us outwardly. Man, do you understand the struggle that is going on ? Do you understand the human heart ? Accuse us not harshly.

When letters go to tell those at home that we are well, they are written with a sad heart ; with all our seeming cheerfulness and desire to make absent ones think we are happy, a little word unconsciously glides in ; wishes and joys and hopes are not strangers in such connexions, and never will be until the heart becomes unconscious of life.

Mother thinks our absence long ; brothers look forward with delight to a happy reünion ; sisters feel the separation on a bridal day.

Was it for bread that we came away? then if we return can we find the means of support for ourselves in a society in which we have no distinct identity? Here we live and have every intellectual gratification. There we may sit and revel in the warm affections of kindred and friends, but we lack the bread; we do not possess the ability to apply ourselves to the old routine. Does not mistrust dim our vision?

Let affection be but our guide, and though humble our cottage-fare, words of content are on our lips, children gather around our knees. The church-bell sounds through the dell, and before the night's rest songs of joy are heard to ascend on high.

The meandering river that our little bark gayly glided on is ever present to us; we see its green banks in the twilight. Here we gently floated down the stream as the evening sun went to rest on the top of the distant hills, and we sang a merry rustic's song.

The coy young maidens sat on the water's banks, and pleasant looked each one as we shouted a hearty 'Hurrah!' Then we would pull our boat on shore, laugh at the wild stare of the cattle, dance in the woods till all the children put on our gestures, and bashful girls gave glances of approval, and once again row away and sing the boatman's song.

By the home fireside we lent ourselves to romance and a dreamy imaginativeness, told tales of giants craving for the blood of Englishmen, of little Tom Whittingtons and great Bow-Bells, built pretty castles in the air, rode on airy nothings, and shut our eyes to behold little firmaments of sunshine and glory revolving at our pleasure; and then the sea-coal fire was full of images; sometimes it would have a trim-looking sailor, that was to be sister's sweetheart; there was grandfather tottering onward with his staff, till one full blaze sent him into nothingness; mother had a stern old bachelor always looking at her, and I sometimes fancied — it was but a fancy — that a little child in innocence wooed me as a lover.

Alas! these thousand little images are gone; we no longer close our eyes to invite a feeling of dreaminess; it would only bring back to our memory the things that are gone for ever.

A real child of flesh and blood, whom we all loved, made us much mirth. His little blue eyes and roguish laugh, always full of life, and such a plump, round-faced little fellow, happy and as joyous as a bird in spring.

Yes, but this child is growing out of these habits and looks every day, and if we see him again perhaps we may not be able to recognize him. That image that we treasured up in our memory will not answer for him. Affection is a corporeal conservative to absent ones. How oft have we indulged the thought that if we had the little one by our side we could bury our cares by tossing him in our arms.

Not altogether in idle talk or fairy mythology were our evenings spent. Mother had too deep a sense of the reverence due to an all-wise God to counsel this. Each repast found us offering up our thanks for the blessings we enjoyed, not of our own merit, but of the fruits of mercy and compassion. The Bible oft was read; and at night (it is a sweet remembrance to us) mother taught our infant lips to repeat the Christian's prayer, and then with a kiss and an invocation to God to bless us and keep us always under His care and by her roof, she half in sadness and half in joy left us for the night. Sometimes when she thought we were

all asleep, she came, perhaps once, perhaps oftener, to look at us again. Yet we did much to make her sorrowful, committed wrong and pained her heart deeply, and now the very thought of these things presses upon us heavily, and we can only say : Blessed be God for a mother's love, pure and undefiled, that hopes and lives and loves for the wayward and the wicked. Here is no interest mingled with respect, here is no compassion wound up in cold looks and lofty bearings, but a free and extended arm, and a voice that gives utterance only to assure that we have a true friend.

Not lightly would we portray the character of a mother endeared to us by all that is noble and good. There are fountains of bliss that exist not for the world ; it is sufficient that the flower blooms and flourishes in quietude.

We love not our birth-place because it is peculiarly picturesque or beautiful, because it is hallowed by the association of great deeds of valor, or that sanctity here has built itself quiet retreats and found a resting-place in days gone by ; it is for none of these things that we care aught. If the hills were as barren as the desert, and the valley possessed no lovely retreat, it would still be the same cherished place. We love it simply from early association. It is a place where every man's heart centres, where he hopes one day to return and build up a name, or perhaps to lay one aside to become the counsellor and friend of the poor and needy.

We look at home as it was in our early days. There was the cottage half hid in honeysuckles and graceful running-roses, with an old apple-tree close by, known by all school-boys and school-mates ; the garden, neatly bordered with box, here a stalk, there a lily ; in this corner a sweet perfuming geranium, in that a diffident hearts-ease ; the centre was full of cluster-roses, carnations and fusia, and then there were the garden fences, inclosing bushes, the delight of juvenility. Some little unknown birds, bold at our hospitality, built their nests and reared their young in nooks of the garden.

In this quiet, secluded home we passed many happy days. Men called it the grove. Tall elms stretched their majestic heads high in the air and played with the wayward wind.

The parish church, with the adjoining ruins of the once-renowned monastery of the White Friars, and the massive stone walls encompassing the town, stood as monuments of the industry of the men of the twelfth century, and were as a book in which were written strange tales of invasions and wars, valor, heroism and devotion. We have often looked upon these noble remnants of a by-gone age, and asked ourselves if the little pigmies of these our days bear any resemblance to the valiant and heroic men of yore.

Not to be forgotten is the organ ; its body made of Saxon-oak, cut and carved with the most grotesque figures, nowise symbolical of the life ethereal, monstrosities all of them such as youth loves to study, and as oft deride. We confess, however, our ignorance in these things. St. Nicholas may, for aught we know, be personified in a look of exultation, as if at some sad thing done evincing his supremacy.

On the centre of the organ stood a sentinel of purity, with stretched wings and a trumpet in his hand, and after the soft, soothing persuasives

bringing calm delight, the angel's voice awoke, and out of the trump came an angelic 'Shout, shout!' Oh! the rapture, the overpowering sense of beatitude; we are drinking in the experience of a higher BEING; we do not breathe. There is no animal life in us, and if these sounds were reverberating through us long, we should have no tangible being; we are overwhelmed, aghast, astounded; we will put our hands to our mouths and be as dumb men.

Not far away the great sea cast its restless waves on the bosom of the hills. You would stand in a still night and hear its roar, and the shingle tossing hither and thither, now advancing a step and then receding again; and in dread winter-storms not unfrequently did the cries of the perishing sailor come to you in vain. A wild, piercing shriek of despair went up from the wreck, and all was over.

Out in the ocean laid quicksands and shifting banks, that no buoys or lights could speak of—monster spies and entrappers. Bravely sailed the bark homeward from a far-off land; she strikes, is on her beam ends, and ere many hours the cold and the fierce dash of the surf over the imbedding ship have released each human soul from the cares and troubles of life.

Men would oft peril their lives in venturing out to sea in the hope to save whom they could. They, too, not unfrequently were heard of no more, and little children were left to mourn and suffer with hunger.

That sea, that distant roar, that wild, frantic cry of despair, are ever to us a lesson of the omnipotence of the CREATOR and RULER of the universe.

Many of these associations have passed away for a while, to give place only more vividly to the remembrance of the day of separation, when half-unconscious of our future, we bid good-by. What an overpowering sense there is in this word. Every thing says farewell. The children kiss you, and then weep; the tender mother presses your hand, and hangs around your neck, while she implores the protection of HEAVEN. All is a sad echo, farewell! We go away with an undecided purpose and a faltering footstep.

And now after many years we retrace our course, we come to join our friends; but how many have we not to count as among the dead, and sorrowful more than all is the thought that one to whom we felt more than a brother's affection is no more, that the cheerful face and bright smile have passed away, and that in a distant land lies all that is mortal of a tender and benignant companion.

No more! no more
In autumn's solemn eve
He lingers on the lonely shore,
Or hears the angry ocean
Dashing at the prison-door.
Rest! rest!
The spirit homeward 's gone;
Dust to dust hath mingled.

As we meditate calmly on our short pilgrimage, we are conscious that the only true solace and comfort for the yearning and discontented soul, is a reliance on a holier and better life, and a steadfast looking forward to the realization of the same.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

BY J. SWETT.

I.

THE Summer takes a sad farewell,
And glides with noiseless step away;
Brown Autumn comes o'er hill and dell,
To hold o'er earth her sober sway.

II.

On dying leaves, with magic hand,
Frost-spirits rainbow-colors trace;
The forest seems enchanted land,
The fairies' chosen dwelling-place.

III.

The Beautiful claims earth's domains,
And unseen artists every hour
Are sketching on the hills and plains
The softest tints, with matchless power.

IV.

The Indian Summer's glimmering haze
Rests on the changing earth awhile,
And over field and forest plays
The Summer's last sad parting smile.

V.

The winds lie hushed in dreamy sleep,
And Nature sinks in calm repose,
A prelude to her slumbers deep,
Beneath the wintry shroud of snows.

VI.

The roving Indian, Nature's child,
Felt the sweet influence in his breast,
And fancied that the season mild
Came from SOWANO'S realms of rest.

VII.

The Orient basks in brighter skies,
Italia boasts a softer clime,
But no land has the gorgeous dyes
Of our mild Indian Summer time.

VIII.

These autumn views are all our own,
Painted by Nature's truthful hand,
Hung on our Northern hills alone
To beautify our father-land.

THE BIRTH OF FLEANCE KRÜGER.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO.

PART TWO.

It was a fierce struggle through which Fleance Krüger passed; not what they might think who, by association, had entirely lifted her from such a sphere of toiling life as this, even to their own. What they might think was not the point. It was the sudden unmasking to herself of the extent to which she had been dreaming; but she did not stand before herself as one who had dreamed. She had actually lived; but what she had believed through that living, now so rudely swept away! A stern, fierce struggle, and the light stood in the midst of the darkness to help her through the conflict, and she comprehended it not, and fought alone, and so was overcome.

When at length Miss Kingswood came seeking her, she was too much absorbed in her own delight, in all that met her eyes, to observe her young companion's mood. When she sat down beside her on the bank, under the evergreens, she did as she supposed, if at all she thought about it, Fleance also was doing. She lost herself in the wide and varied prospect, the wild heights, and the sweet dreams that lay along the slumberous valley's heart. And when her brother joined them, and they walked about, down the bank, and further up the heights, they were too much absorbed in these scenes to notice Fleance, too happy themselves to suspect any thing beside delight in her heart. Wherefore should they imagine that she was beyond her own control on that sweet morning amid those blessed prospects? — she, who should have walked like an angel of God among them, breathing in their purest and serene influences, beyond her own control!

Not until she was again in the carriage, seated beside Miss Kingswood, and they had set out on their return home, did she breathe freely. Now only was she safe from discovery. On their way home, in the pauses of the conversation, the lady was thinking on that human life she had found there in the midst of the solitude of nature, a solitary soul, and by-and-by she began to speak of him, to contrast the characters of the workmen as they appeared to her, to note the various effects of nature and the comparative isolation of their lives upon them. The old workman, whom she had first addressed, had made the deepest impression on her mind; he seemed, she said — and she spoke thoughtfully — the best specimen of what grand scenery could do for a man who was deprived of social advantages. And Fleance, while she listened, thought, with a spasmodic effort, to repress the thinking of the father she had rejected, of whom these words were spoken. Only to pass from this mountain region to the valley below, to be beyond the sound of those tools with which the quarry-men wrought the blocks of granite. Away! but the horses seemed to go at a snail's pace. If she

could have flown, she might have passed out of reach of her accusing conscience; but as they slowly, cautiously made the descent, these condemning facts arrayed themselves against her.

Why, in that moment when she heard her father's voice, after the tumult of the surprise, had so hard and relentless a feeling come over her, to stay her foot and speech? Not for his sake had she kept in the dark shadow; not because of the belief that he must have had a reason for concealing his occupation and place from her; it was her own proud heart that had prevented her — false pride, false shame, and vile ingratitude. She called things by their proper names now, but it was too late to confess him. Perhaps it was only on this account that she gave remorse full sweep, because certain that there was now nothing to be done but to go on to the village, back into the school, and leave him toiling in the mountain for her sake, and say nothing about it. But who will prefer to believe that? She was cowardly rather than criminal now. She was not equal to the task, not able to rise up with all the indignation that she really felt against her coward self, and therefore breathed she more freely as the distance increased between her and him she had denied.

Instinctively she knew and shared in the horror with which Miss Kingswood and her brother would look upon her, did they but know all she knew in regard to this day, which had given them so much enjoyment. They, because of whom she had wrought the iniquity, how would they denounce it! She saw the look with which Miss Kingswood would regard her; the wondering contempt and pity. And she deserved it. She had no better way of knowing that this would be the reception the confession would meet at Miss Kingswood's hands, than the fact that it was deserving of just this reception, and no other.

They passed by the grave-yard on their entrance into the village; it lay close upon the road-side, only half-screened by the rows of ever-greens that bordered it. There her mother's grave was; but Fleance had lost every thing. She dared not look down into that quiet spot. Accusing spirits seemed hovering around her and above her, and the dim, shadowy recollection of the mother rose in condemnation of the child. She could not steel herself against these things, as for a few moments after they were fairly on their way from the quarry, she had contrived to do. She could not again forget herself, and listen to the conversation, and enjoy the prospect.

She had no one to whom to speak, on her return, of the happy day. The school was dismissed just as Arthur Kingswood reined in his horses in front of the widow's door, and all the children were coming out. Many eyes were on Fleance Krüger as she alighted; she saw them; she knew how they looked upon her, and hard she strove — it was a new task and a difficult one — to hide what was passing in her heart. She knew that the girls looking at her envied her as she went up the walk to the door of the house, by Miss Kingswood's side; that they all looked at her with wonder when they saw the stately lady, and the noble horses, and the elegant man who had driven them in such a grand and lofty style. But these things were no joy to Fleance. She felt no triumph because of them. A little while and she stole away to

the garden, and walked alone there, and took her books and tried to fix her mind upon them, and even endeavored to spur herself on, and to cheat herself, saying, that for her father's sake, she would from this time make great progress, and give herself no rest, and, since he was working so hard for her, and expected so much of her, she would surprise him by an advancement, and she would be like Miss Kingswood. Pale and grave, with an aching head and a heart that ached still more painfully, she sat poring over those books; but she could master nothing. The purpose with which, in the hours of the declining day, she bent herself over them, more and more resolutely, failed. Her memory refused to retain those lessons.

At night-fall, Miss Kingswood, walking on the balcony, espied Fleance in the garden, and called to her; and as Fleance came, she gently chid her indiscretion in remaining out while the dew was falling so heavily. She would have had Fleance go with her to her room, but on the plea of her headache, the girl went off early to her bed, you do not think to sleep.

She laid aside the garments she had worn that day, purchased by her father's toil. She piled her school-books together, as was her nightly habit, on the stand beside her bed — books purchased by his labor, his hopes in the result of her faithful study. She laid herself upon her bed, and thought of him lying under the roof of one of those mountain-huts, wearied with his day of toil, thinking of her, praying for her, as she had often heard him pray. She saw him not with her eyes, but Miss Kingswood had not remarked, as she would have done had there been occasion, that his dress differed in any respect from that of his hard-working companions. He was like the other men whom *she* had seen. Miss Kingswood had merely observed his civility, his self-respect, and nothing more.

It is the stupid and the dull that sleep on while 'the hour is at hand.' Fleance could not sleep, could not rest upon her bed, could not even lie there, and she arose, re-lighted her lamp, and bolted her door. Having done this, what now does she contemplate? She takes from the box, where, under lock and key she keeps them, the letters he has written from 'abroad,' and she reads them all again. Then she crept back to bed again, put out the light, and wept till long past midnight. Bitter tears they were, for sin was borne away in them, and the bitterness of death is in sin.

But when the hour that was at hand had come, then she sat up in her bed again, thinking; and drawn out by her thinking, she stood before the window and looked on earth and heaven, and heaven and earth waited while she stood and thought.

The moon was shining, the earth was still. She did not particularly observe either of these facts. They were not things to be taken into this account. Storm and darkness, light and calm were now merely names to her, and not with names was Fleance Krüger dealing. With great haste she turned at length from the window, and began to dress herself. No somnambulism here! She knows what she will do. Thank HEAVEN! she knows what she will do. Not in the holiday garments she has worn to-day, does she proceed to array herself — is her working-dress that she puts on.

A door of her room led into the back part of the house, where no one slept. Fleance went that way softly, cautiously, as though walking in her sleep, and got out by the window. She was escaping, but from herself, rather than from any hand or voice of authority, or love; there was but one thing in this world for Fleance Krüger to do; the swiftest way in which that might be done, was the best for her, and there was no counting of the chances.

By the window she made her escape, and passing through the yard, she ran on till she reached the mountain-road. The moon was in mid-heaven, and at its full, but the light thereof was often obscured by flying clouds. A little rain had fallen earlier in the night, and a mist was now passing through the valley, but Fleance saw nothing but a bent figure toiling over blocks of stone for her, heard nothing but a voice calling to her heart, and she made haste to answer it.

The distance that lay between them, the weariness, the possible danger had not occurred to her when she gave way to the leadings of the impulse through which her better nature made proclamation of itself. To right a monstrous moral wrong; to assert, not her innocence, alas! that could not be, but her penitence and remorse; to confess him whom she had denied; to tell him that she knew his route of travel, and to beseech that she might abide with him, work with him in the pit, if he must work there — for he should make no further purchases at such a price as he had paid for one worthless as she — for this she went. And as she went, the agitation and confusion of her thoughts was lessened and subdued. Her pace slackened, but she did not halt to rest, nor pause to look back, nor take any thought of those whom she had left behind her. On, on she went, without lingering, without haste, growing, as she ascended, more calm, more resolute, more sorrowful. That night had no terrors for her; temporal things were out of mind; a spiritual contest, a spiritual victory had raised her above mere mortal fears. She climbed the winding road without anticipation of evil, and no evil was there. She could have encountered any obstacle with courage, for none could come to her in a shape so terrible, or compel a contest so fearful as her own self had compelled that day.

She was unmindful of the passing of the night. The moon hid the glory of the dawn, and the day broke upon her at sun-rise. Night or morning, it were all the same. If she could but live to confess her father before all the world, that toiling man before Miss Kingswood as her father, to do him honor, as before Heaven she had shown him dishonor, that was all she asked. She did not hear the birds that sang, nor see that the day was to be one that would rival the glory of yesterday. She had no sense of these things. Time might bring to her again its accustomed joy, but for her it has none now. After a brief pause for rest, she set forth again. She would not spare herself, nor confess by any motion that she was weary, and it was not an hour after sun-rise when she came within sound of the workmen. No sound ever fell upon her ear so grateful as that. It staid for a moment her foot-steps, and she laid her hand on her heart, but its fluttering was not to be stilled thus; so strangely it fluttered, so fast it beat, so violently it throbbed; and yet she went on; for there was at least no faltering or fluttering of her

purpose, and it was given her to forget herself, to go forward thinking rather of the approaching union than the cause that impelled it.

When she came at last in sight of the pit, and drew near and nearer to it, until she stood again on the spot where yesterday Miss Kingswood and her brother and a happy child alighted from the carriage, she paused again to think, and then once more she went on resolute, and descended into the pit, and did not think to observe if the workmen would recognize her for the person that came yesterday with the grand lady, or to see if they would look up from their work and pause a moment before they went on again, as they did on that fatal day.

She thought that she could tell the very place where her father would be working; but the pit was changed since yesterday, both in form and occupancy. The workmen had been blasting the rocks, and the corner in which Kruger had worked was quite torn away, and great piles of broken stone were lying there where she had hoped to find him. Disappointed, Fleance turned from this scene, and advanced toward the nearest workman.

‘Does Benjamin Kruger work here?’ she asked.

The man dropped his hammer and looked at her. His face lengthened, he seemed about to answer, but changed his purpose. He had heard that Kruger had a child, and, without pausing to consider the reasonableness of his guess that this was she, he said:

‘Did you get the news down in the village so quick?’

‘What news? Do you know where he is? I have something to say to him,’ said Fleance, hurriedly, alarmed by the man’s words, and by his manner, which made them doubly significant.

The quarry-man hesitated; he thought he could discern a likeness to Kruger in the girl, in her face and her voice, and instead of replying, he concluded by pointing to the man next him, and went on with his work.

The strangeness of the act heightened her trouble; fearing she knew not what, Fleance went on and repeated her question. Duller than the other, or more intent upon his labor, the man, hardly looking up, said:

‘He’s up to his cabin, I expect. That’s where we left him.’ And when Fleance begged that he would tell her which cabin it was, he looked up slowly and pointed out the path that led up to the hut.

Up that path, as if for life or death, she ran. That some dreadful thing had happened, she knew, but what or how, she dared not ask or think. Many eyes were on her as the slight figure went, and seemed to fly up the steep and rocky way. The man whom she had first addressed, wiped his eyes as she ran past him, and he seemed for a moment on the point of following her, when he saw her hurry up the path, but he did not, and she went alone.

Breathless she reached the place she sought, the point of land for which she made with desperate endeavor, as the shipwrecked sailor for the harbor near. The door of the cabin stood ajar. Gently pushing it, Fleance crossed the threshold.

Kruger was lying upon the bed. She knew that it was her father, though the room was darkened, and the face of the person on the bed

was hidden from her sight. The chair on which she placed her hand, against which she leaned for support when she first entered the room, held his garments, his poor, worn garments, and his cap. She knew that they were his. There were two persons standing by the bed when she went in — a woman and a man, and she recognized the man's face ; he was a physician of the village. He also recognized her, and came up to her, and took her by the hand, and led her softly out into the open day.

He hardly questioned her as to how or why she came. He said nothing to indicate surprise when Fleance told him that she had come up to see her father ; but he told her what had happened in few words : that he had been summoned the evening before to attend Mr. Krüger, who had been hurt by a premature ignition of the powder, and explosion of the rock, and that if she went into the room again, which he seemed inclined to think she had better not do, she must remain quiet and disturb no one. He offered to take her back with him to the village ; he should now be going home in a few minutes, having done all that could be done just yet for the comfort of the patient. He should be up again that day, and every day, of course, and would constantly report to her ; for this was not a very comfortable place for her to stay in.

Fleance listened to all he said, quietly. She seemed to repress the impatience she felt at this manner of the doctor's address, to listen as if it were a part of the penalty she should pay. What cause had any one to suppose that she cherished an affection for her father such as would impel her to put up with inconveniences, and insist on remaining to serve him, at least to watch beside him, who had no child but her ?

But she answered with a determination such as the doctor attempted not to thwart. She did not ask him what the wounds were her father had received ; she dared not, but she said :

'I came up to the quarry without Mrs. Thomas's knowledge. If you will be so good as to go and tell her I am here with my father. I came up this morning, and I shall stay till he is better.'

The doctor merely answered that her wish should be obeyed, and that his order must be. If she remained, she must say nothing to her father, must do nothing that would in any way disturb him. He turned from Fleance as he said this, and went back to the cabin. Fleance did not follow him.

She sat down on a projecting ledge of rock, and hid her face. This that had befallen her seemed verily greater than she could bear. The courage that had sustained her, the strength of a high resolve had borne her through all the distance that lay between her father and herself, but now here, she was powerless. What was it that had befallen him ? How was he wounded ? Would he recover ? She dared not think upon it ; she lay down upon the rock, and shut the day out from her eyes, and within her soul was darkness.

But her unasked questions were immediately to be answered. While yet she remained there alone, a sound of voices, speaking in the path

beneath, came up to her, the words spoken rising distinctly through the stillness of the place, as if whispered in her ear :

‘His right arm gone ! Poor fellow ! poor fellow ! And his eyes blinded, did you say ? Terrible ! But still he may recover his sight ; such accidents ——’

It was Arthur Kingswood’s voice speaking to his guide. The doctor had left orders in the village that Kingswood should be apprized at once of what had happened, and when the intelligence reached him, the proprietor lost no time in coming up to the works.

Fleance Krüger started to her feet as she heard that voice. She did not need to nerve herself in order to do this. She had no more battles to fight ; she was free. As she stood up, and he advanced, Kingswood saw her, and seeing her, he stopped short, as if a spectre had risen in his path.

‘Fleance ! you here !’

‘I came up to see my father. He is in there,’ she answered hastily, so eager was she that he should know it was her father that was wounded, so eager to confess him. As she spoke, she pointed to the hut. Then she added, for he was surprised, and not quick to understand her, and stood looking at her without speaking : ‘When you go back, tell Miss Kingswood that I came up to see my father, and that I am staying here to nurse him.’

Kingswood advanced toward Fleance with misgiving, thinking that she must be beside herself. He was troubled on her account, she looked so pale and so exhausted. The man who had been his guide went on his way toward the cabin, and left them alone there together.

‘Fleance, how came you here ?’ asked Arthur Kingswood.

She met his glance and answered instantly :

‘I walked up, Sir.’

‘What could have sent you ? Did you dream that your father was hurt, or did any one come for you ? Your father, you say ? Did you know all the while that he was here ? You said nothing of him yesterday.’

Fleance paused a moment before she answered. Her cheek grew violently red ; his words seemed to express some doubt of her, at least very much of surprise. Then she said, in a slow, distinct tone, as if she would not have him lose a word of what she had to say :

‘Mr. Kingswood, I did not know that he *was* here when we came up yesterday. I thought he was away on some business somewhere. I did not know that he was working up here for me. When I heard him speak to Miss Kingswood, I knew his voice ; but I could not believe it was his for a moment ; but I knew it right afterward. I knew it was his voice. Oh ! it was wicked and cruel, but I went off, and did n’t see him ; but last night I repented. I repented before we got half-way down the mountain. But in the night I determined to come back to him, and so I had n’t to be sent for, Mr. Kingswood.’

These last words she said with a trifle of exultation, as though, in the midst of all these miserable circumstances, there was a spark of comfort.

Kingswood was slow to take in all that was involved in these

words, more slow than his sister, who wept, her first of such tears, when he repeated them to her; but the words left him more thoughtful than they found him.

‘Have you seen him yet, Fleance?’ he asked, it seemed to her with more than his usual kindness.

‘No,’ she answered.

He did not let go her hand, but led her on with him along the narrow path. At the door of the hut she released herself, and sat down on the step.

‘Will you not go in?’

‘When you are all gone I will. I must not speak to him, the doctor said.’

So Arthur Kingswood left her there, and went alone within.

The few words he had spoken to Fleance, his presence there, the opportunity she had found, and so speedily, to confess her folly and sin, did more for her than repose or refreshment of body could have done. She had now no thought of weariness, and the soreness of her anguish was removed. On the words she heard Kingswood saying to his guide, she pondered. Blindness! mutilation! and in that hour she did not so much grieve over her father’s loss as resolve on her own doing.

Kruger’s right hand, Kruger’s eyes would his daughter Fleance be. She waited without the hut, heard the soft steps within, and the suppressed voices, and when they came to the door again, she arose and went noiselessly farther away. The woman of the house — a stout, kind-hearted body, who had lived in reverence of Kruger from her youth up — came out with the doctor and Arthur Kingswood, and the doctor gave her his instructions. When the consultation was over, Kingswood followed after Fleance, and she saw that he had wept since she last spoke to him. He came now and said to her: ‘I shall go down to the village at once. The first thing I shall do will be to tell my sister where you are, and deliver your message. We shall do every thing for your father’s comfort and speedy recovery that can be done. I need not say that. It is well that you came up. I am glad you came; I am glad you walked; but you had better not speak to him until the doctor comes again. You can help the woman, but you had better go in first, and put yourself into a condition for doing so. She will find a place where you can lie down and rest. You must be very tired after so long a walk. If you should fall sick yourself, you know your father would then be under the care of other people.’

This being Arthur Kingswood that spoke, the brother whom Miss Kingswood seemed to take such pleasure in obeying when he made any suggestion, or expressed any wish to her, it was enough for Fleance Kruger, and she promised that she would do as he had recommended.

Under the same roof that sheltered her father, she lay down to rest. She had stood beside his bed and noiselessly listened to the painful sighs which now and then escaped him. So near, and he not know it! but not as yesterday, near by. Here, in the midst of this fearful ruin, there was less inward striving, and less bitterness and anguish. She had stood shudderingly and yet resolute, thinking of this mutilated life; yet it was life: and she had prayed in that silence.

For several days, Kruger's mind was delirious, but the fever and the pain at length abated under the constant and tender assiduity of his nurse and doctor ; for Kingswood was 'a man having authority,' and his demands on these aids were incessant.

As Kruger's mind became clear again, though he said nothing of his daughter to any one, when day after day Kingswood came up from the village, he seemed to take an increasing interest in his arrival, and there was a question that lingered unspoken on his lip, which in his blindness and helplessness he could not endure to speak ; for he had no more proud hopes for Fleance ; he could do no more for his daughter.

The fact at length became apparent to Arthur Kingswood, and he said one day quietly :

'Kruger, you should have your daughter with you now, you are getting on so fast. She longs to take her place here, but is almost tired of waiting, you are so slow about giving your invitation.'

A silence intervened between the utterance of these words and those that followed in response. When the father spoke, his voice was tremulous in the eagerness of its injunction. Stretching forth his arm, and groping toward the young man, he said : 'Bring Fleance.'

'I will do that most gladly, Sir, and there shall be no delay,' said Kingswood cheerfully, though far from unmoved ; and leaving the bedside a moment, he returned again with Fleance. He said not a word as he reentered, but the quick ear of the sick man caught and recognized the fall of the young girl's foot. It was the same step that he had listened to these many days, dreaming as he heard it that in the foot-fall of the mountain maiden, he could catch the sound prophetic of the advance of his dear, coming child.

She told him, when Arthur had gone away, saying that to-morrow his sister was coming up with him ; Fleance told him, for he would have him tell her all, all that she had felt and thought and done since they parted in the spring ; she told him, holding his hard hand that had toiled so long for her, with some tears, for all that welled within her heart could not be repressed ; she told him of that summer which was waning now ; of the manner in which his letters had come to her, and to what a pleasant deception she had given way, believing that he was indeed as he said figuratively 'abroad ;' at all which Kruger smiled as he listened, and then looked grave when she had finished, and said, as if in some sudden apprehension of consequences he had never feared before : 'I should not have done it ; poor child, I meant no deception, yet it acted as one on you !' and then, strengthened by his words, yet eager to acquit *him*, in a lower voice, but bravely still, she told him of the visit to the quarry, and of all that followed after. She would keep back none of this. Her father desired most of all, now, even as in the by-gone time, to know how she was growing in her heart, how mentally ; and could she bring herself before him and not tell him of all this ? It might pain him for a moment, but if he knew her fall and the way that she had risen again, would he not trust and confide in her, and love her as he could not have done had she merely left him to conceive of her as a child who knew nothing of such conflicts and victories ?

When she had finished speaking — for he let her go on with the story without once interrupting the low sweet voice that poured the burden of her heart upon him — Kruger cried : ‘ Glory to God ! O child, child ! ’ With a broken voice, and a tenderness such as even from his lips had never found expression, he said this, and then aloud he prayed, and the listening Fleance heard him give thanksgiving unto the LORD of heaven and earth, the REDEEMER of souls, that unto him HE had vouchsafed this manifestation of His infinite loving-kindness.

Humbled, as no rebuking word could have humbled her, stood Fleance, leaning against her father’s bed, bowed over him, his hand upon her head, where it had rested in his praying, and God heard the vow she made ; and the angels, whose one impulse is loving adoration, might have struck their harps even to a note of triumph echoed from her soul that day. For her soul’s song like theirs was of thanksgiving to the LAMB.

She did not leave her father’s side that day. Waiting upon, anticipating his wants, a deep comfort to his heart by her presence and her speech — for she had youth, and strength, and a courage that could look life in the face — she sat there and talked to him, and her voice hardly faltered, of the coming time when they would go back to the village, and in some way, not a doubt or fear of it had she, they would be able to live on the fruits of their, by which Fleance meant *her*, industry.

It is on the morning following this happy day, that Miss Kingswood comes up from the village with her brother. To Fleance, who looks up from her place by the bed-side, place of whose holding she is now most jealous, as she sees that noble figure entering the hut, and advancing straight toward her, her face more glorious in the young girl’s eyes than it ever was before, perhaps from the force of contrast presented by such a presence in such a habitation ; to Fleance it is hardly a strange sight, though in the village even the widow’s pretty parlor has looked poor and common for so a queenly tenant ; it is hardly a strange sight now when she beholds this woman entering this hut, and coming toward the bed on which her father lies. She knows now that more than a royal presence, even a human heart, is there. And Fleance can see its emotion ; it is visible in the lady’s face ; and her own heart is quickened to understand the kiss with which Miss Kingswood greets her, when she bows down to her and says : ‘ God bless you.’ She had never named that name in the hearing of Fleance before ; never had she kissed Fleance till now.

When the lady lays aside her shawl and bonnet, and sits down upon the wooden chair beside the bed, and speaks with such respect and kindness to her father, Fleance can bear no more ; her tears in the past grievous and exciting days have not often fallen, but now she goes out to weep ; but they are happy tears that fall, and the child’s heart is glad. And it happens that the out-door world is full of sunshine : when she steps beyond the threshold its pure glory is around her.

If I went further in this telling, it would be to say something of the life of Fleance Kruger, of its growth from this birth, and of its after-destiny. Of the years in which Benjamin Kruger’s HOPE ripened into the beauty of its fruition.

There comes a time of trial to every spirit in which its temper is told, and its destiny thence may be prophesied. Such a time has here been dwelt upon; and the prophecy requires no special gift of inspiration. I would not have these pages degenerate into a mere purpose of amusement; my own aim would be lost. Though were the tale told out, it might be a tale of life nobler than people who do not pass for blind choose often for themselves; for Ananias and Sapphira cannot be taught the truth, they must live and die their falsehood. It might in some manner and degree illustrate our highest possibility; and show how the true human must be a partaker of the DIVINE nature, as an Apostle said. But I have finished that which I attempted here to do.

And yet, it might not be amiss to say that Fleance *did* become the right hand and strong staff of her father, (though only an idiot could doubt it,) true to the necessity that compels hidden principles and feelings, whether for good or evil, to assert themselves. Nor will I even decline saying, lest some gentle soul would wish it had been said, that Miss Kingswood did return to the world strengthened to herself grow in grace, and to fill a larger sphere more nobly, to occupy and use her own powers more efficiently, to behold with kinder eyes and judge with wiser judgment; and above all, to look more reverently, and tenderly, and hopefully, on the struggle of unfledged youth, and to pray over the struggling, and to smile also, though through her tears, though not without a contest and a surrender, when in after-years Arthur came to her from a sojourn in the region of the quarry, and laid bare his heart before her, and said that with her decision his future time and his eternity should rest; for as he loved none beside his sister he loved Fleance Krüger; that she said kind and holy words to him that day, and saw him go from her, feeling that he had been brought into the noble relations he sustained toward the working world by the life, the true, holy, happy life to which he hastened; that when he told this love to her who had inspired it, there was in the heart of Fleance also a struggle, a surrender, a subsequent abandonment of the fear that the old time's pride and weakness would ever again conspire against her soul's integrity, for Kingswood loves her father, and has told her so, and his words and acts all prove it; that these things were true of all these lives, it may be well to say, lest amid the throng of disappointed and ever-valourously hopeful souls, one might feel to say: If here Hope had fruition, why are we defrauded?

I therefore do aver these things were true of these true souls; and that Benjamin Krüger, where he sits, blind, though even now not hopelessly, maimed and well-nigh helpless, on the portico of his daughter's dwelling, still her constant care and pride as she his glory, humble and grateful in heart that he is, has accomplished in these souls that came within his own soul's range, work such as the Pure in Heart who see God alone can hope to do: and if still he is the prisoner of Hope, it is of that Hope which is fettered by no worldly anxiety; of that which day by day leads him out to the discernment of the fairest prospects, and opens wider to his mind the kingdom which is over and above all, circumscribing and within all, who have come to know the path in which their feet are treading, and the bourne to which it leadeth.

THE OLD MAN'S MUSINGS

BY H. B. WILDMAN.

I.

EVERY thing looks old and dreary —
Age is stamped on NATURE'S brow :
Earth itself looks wan and weary,
And I fain would leave it now.

II.

Scenes my early fancy painted,
Like the dew, have passed away :
NATURE'S breath, alas ! is tainted
With the dampness of decay !

III.

Early friends are flown for ever,
Home's dear fields are sere and brown :
And 'the old house by the river,'
Like this heart, is falling down.

IV.

Founts are dry that used to filter
Dew upon the vales below :
Oaks are dead that used to shelter
Me in childhood, 'long ago.'

V.

Voices come, like tempests' rumbling,
Telling me I soon must fall ;
That I am but mortal, crumbling
From Life's mouldy prison-wall !

VI.

AGE on oaken staff upraises,
One more backward look to cast,
Where Life's fitful lantern blazes
Dimly o'er the mighty Past.

VII.

TIME is rushing, like a hedger,
With his gleaming scythe in hand :
DEATH is footing-up his ledger,
'Leaving figures in the sand.'

VIII.

Every thing looks old and dreary —
Age is stamped on NATURE'S brow :
Earth itself looks wan and weary,
And I fain would leave it now.

B E A C H - S T O N E S .

I LIVE on the sea-shore, in the suburbs of a quaint old town, and about half a mile from the high-road, which is visible from the western window of my pleasant room. The town lies to the north, about a mile distant ; while the sea is ever dashing against the rocks, and breaking upon the beach, but a few rods in front of my door. I like to watch the vessels. To-day there are not less than sixty sail lying within a short distance of each other, and all of them visible from the window at which I sit. Each vessel has her mainsail set, and the men are busily employed in catching mackerel, myriads of which fish have lately entered the bay. It is a pleasant sight. Although there is not a breath of wind, the hungry fish, swimming close to the surface, ripple it to such an extent that the vessels seem to be in the midst of a gentle breeze, and this illusion is heightened by the ebbing tide, which is slowly sweeping the fleet out to sea, their white sails flashing in the sunshine. In the offing are two or three ships, bound, probably, to remote parts of the globe ; while close in shore a red-shirted doryman is examining his lobster-traps. And now the silence is broken by the report of a musket, and a little skiff darts into view from behind a rocky island, where her crew have been lying in wait for sea-birds.

This latter circumstance reminds me of an afternoon in June, many years ago, when the quiet of the bay was broken by the roar of cannon, the groans of mutilated seamen, and the loud shouts of victory. How often, since that time, must the fishermen have cast anchor on the very spot where the battle was fought. Looking down into the peaceful depths, perhaps some of them have fancied they beheld the whitened skeletons of sailors, who that day died and were forgotten ; and thought, with a shudder, of the horrid turmoil in the midst of which Lawrence received his death-wound, and Broke called upon his boarders. What a contrast between that day and this ! I perceive that a flock of school-girls are gathering flowers on the neighboring heights, which then supported a powerful battery, and were dotted with the white tents of a company of artillery. Let flowers grow there for evermore.

Within a league of the beach there is a sandy island, on whose highest point stands a rough, dismal-looking building, which was erected for the benefit of any who might be so unfortunate as to be there cast away. And this rude structure has done good service in the cause of humanity ; for one winter night a timber-laden schooner struck on the north-east part of the island, and became a complete wreck ; and it was not without great difficulty that her crew reached the land, having to struggle against a stifling snow-storm. Entirely ignorant of their whereabouts, and well-nigh exhausted by their sufferings, they were on the point of yielding to despair, when one of them discovered the house. Had they not found it, without doubt every one of them would have perished.

If we may rely upon tradition, there was once a time when the town of which I am a temporary resident, must have been a very peculiar place. I have heard, that before the Revolutionary War, the washer-

women were in the habit of stretching their clothes-lines across the streets, threatening to 'wallop' any market-man who should dare to drive his team against them. Such a practice must have had a bad effect on trade. It is also said that strangers were sometimes pelted with stones, and obliged to ride for life, pursued by a pack of boys, hounding one another on with the cry: 'Rock him, matey; he would 'nt let me hold his hoss!' A visit to a place where the manners and customs of the people were so singular, must have been a decidedly perilous enterprise.

And notwithstanding so many years have fled since the time just spoken of, I would advise any one contemplating a visit to the town, not to make his entrance on horseback; for although there may be a great deal of truth in the saying, 'Times change and men change with them,' I am convinced that it does not apply to the boys. A few days ago, having bought a splendid pacer, I sprang into the saddle with the intention of cantering down to the post-office. At that time I was not a very superior rider, and in passing through the streets I was invariably cheered by the boys at play, who in some cases came crowding after me, making sundry contemptuous remarks in regard to my horsemanship; and as I dared not put the beast to his speed, and was afraid to retrace my steps lest the young rascals should pull me out of the saddle, I thought it best to slip into a back lane and leave my gallant roan with a farrier, telling him that the horse's shoes were rather loose. This accomplished, I skulked home through the fields, and about two hours later Hotspur galloped into the yard, ridden by two boys whom I thought I had seen before. Since that time my equestrian excursions have not extended beyond the limits of my farm.

Although our dwelling-place is in so secluded a spot, we are not by any means without visitors. Sometimes they come by water. A few years ago we were beset by a scouting party of Penobscot Indians, who had come all the way from their eastern homes in birch canoes, paddling them along the coast. They remained encamped in our neighborhood nearly a week, earning a little money by selling fancy baskets and other knick-knacks to the 'palefaces,' who came in swarms to see them. Two or three of the young squaws were very pretty and dressed with great neatness. The young braves gave proofs of their skill as archers by shooting coppers from the head of a cleft stick, driven into the ground at a distance of from eight to ten yards; while the older men spent the greater part of every pleasant day in their canoes, in the management of which they were remarkably expert. One of their most favorite articles of food was the flesh of the puffing pig, a curious sort of marine animal which rises to the surface, puffs vigorously, rolls clumsily over, and then disappears. This they used to shoot with a musket. I was rather loth to part with these picturesque strangers; but trade had slackened, and they were compelled to go.

Occasionally a troop of little girls, after a tiresome ramble through the fields in search of berries or wild flowers, throng into the yard, tap timidly at the door, and ask for a drink of water, and leave to rest themselves in the barn. They are easily persuaded to enter the house, and how their young faces brighten at the sight of a pitcher of milk. After half an hour's rest, during which time they tell of the mishaps that have

befallen them in the pastures, they depart on an exploring expedition to the barn, where some of them promise corn to the old gobbler, on condition that he will show his pride, while others throw handfuls of hay to the heifer, who keeps them at a safe distance by divers threatening motions of her head, and a third party make an unsuccessful attempt to corner Clarion, who flies screaming over their heads, making them scatter in all directions with a tremendous uproar. Finally they gather up their bonnets, come to the door to tell us they are going, and in a few minutes the yard is as quiet as it was before they came. For a little while the silence is so painful that I listen with suppressed breathing, eagerly catching at the sound of distant voices, growing fainter and fainter, and ending in a dreamy burst of girlish laughter, which mingles with the solemn roar of the sea. The stillness that ensues at their departure seems no longer desirable, and it is thus that I realize the happiness which their presence has afforded me.

And what has the future in store for these little children? Even if death should spare them for a season, time and circumstance will divide them, bringing riches to one, and poverty to another, and sorrow and weariness to all; so that they will sometimes think with a sigh of the summer afternoon that was spent so pleasantly in a farm-yard by the sea.

JESSE HEPWORTH.

The Fairies' Frolic.

BY E. W. B. CANNING.

CHAPTER FIRST.

Musing alone the other day,
And giving fancy transient play,
I dropped into that phase of life
The poet speaks of in his dreams —
'When truth that *is*, and truth that *seems*,
Blend in fantastic strife.'

While thus entranced, appeared to me,
As real as a thing could be,
The curious fantasies that follow,
Which, although due not to Apollo,
Gave me some grains of truth to swallow;
For truth sometimes, as it would seem,
Is taught us even in a dream.

Methought I saw an ancient codger,
Whom I, for short, appellate 'ROGER';
(It might have been TOM HARRIGOOD,
Or other name of longitude.)
Said ROGER was a hard-faced man,
And o'er his brazen features ran
Some dozen lines or more, which care,
And avarice, and 'wear and tear,'
And selfishness had furrowed there.

Broad acres ROGER could command
 Of pasture, field, and meadow land,
 Whereon he raised tremendous crops,
 That rivalled even his chimney-tops.
 Potatoes — 'Carters' and 'Neshannoeks,'
 'Sand-Lakes' and 'Pink-eyes,' 'Rappahanocks,'
 'Mercers' — in bushels by the score,
 When *not* to walk his fields forebore;
 Half-miles of corn, green, stout, and tall;
 Wheat, rye, and oats and barley — all
 (Pardon my fancy for such yarns)
 Determined seemed to burst his barns.
 To mention not his tons of hay,
 That scented the capacious bay,
 Or rose in mimic mountains where
 He stacked the surplus, rich and rare.
 Omit, too, all those minor things
 Of which no decent poet sings:
 Carrots and cabbage, onions, beans,
 Squashes and pumpkins, beets and greens,
 All of a California size,
 Which made old ROGER bless his eyes.
 And then his dairy! What a store
 Of milk-pans, brimmed and running o'er!
 Cheese by the hundred, large and sound,
 Like FALSTAFF's stomach, plump and round.
 Such were the good things ROGER had:
 But every good hath eke its bad.
 There were some other things he'd *not*,
 For his ideas never shot
 Higher than steam of dinner-pot.
 Of the true and the beautiful,
 He, as his ancient milking-stool
 Was ignorant; and much I fear,
 Woe never cost his eye a tear,
 Or his purse six-pence — save his tax,
 And that stuck to his hands like wax.
 To sum the whole,
 (If you were on such trial bent,)
 Just bait a mouse-trap with a cent,
 You'd catch his soul.

And now 't is time, this story telling,
 Briefly to speak of ROGER's dwelling.
 It was the same (save greater wear,
 And thumped by later tempests) where
 His sire and grand-sire life had tried,
 Toiled, married, moved, grew old, and died:
 Guiltless of paint for fifty years,
 Sad as a Hottentot in tears;
 With storm-beat boards, whose creak and wail
 Asked vainly for another nail.
 No tree of grateful shade grew nigh,
 To cool the beams of hot July;
 But down they shot, like hissing ball
 Sent into doomed Sebastopol.
 Stumps two or three were there, to show
 Where maples, many years ago,
 Had dared in honest pride to grow.
 Alas! their owner thought them made
 For back-logs rather than for shade:

They shadowed, too, a carrot-patch,
 So down they went with all dispatch.
 Of fruit-trees, ne'er a one had he,
 Nor for them cared a 'sumarkee :'
 I'm wrong, for in one pasture grew,
 Or rather stood, a sorry few,
 Which for their hold had fought the storm
 A hundred years, and moss and worm.
 They *looked* like apple, and his axe
 Had spared them, for they paid a tax
 Of cider (though 't was very small,) *When*
 Whene'er they strained to bear at all.
 Of other kinds, peach, pear, or plum,
 Cherry or quince, had sooner come
 In grounds of Pandemonium.
 His yards to better ends, thought he,
 Could open and devoted be.
 Carts, harrows, ploughs, and chips and muck,
 And various kinds of farming truck,
 Lay scattered round — the veriest clutter,
 But grateful as his bread-and-butter.
 Old ROGER's field-crops were his pride ;
 But give him these, and all beside,
 Except his stock, was balderdash ;
 And as for fruit — such foolish trash
 His boys could steal, he took for granted,
 On moonless nights, and when they wanted.
 Careful, on such nocturnal rummage,
 The owner sought not *him* for damage ;
 And only for such legal jogging,
 The boys were called to take a flogging.

CHAPTER SECOND.

THUS endeth part first of my story.
 One day, absorbed in vain self-glory,
 In corn-field, on a pumpkin, sat
 Old ROGER. Down he put his hat,
 Then plied a horn of Holland gin,
 Which he had bought *for medicine* ;
 And, leaning 'gainst a tree that grew
 Where it could never *damage* do,
 Composed himself his crops to see,
 And fell into a reverie.
 And now the strangest thing of all
 Transpired, to which I beg to call
 Your strict attention ;
 Fearing that, in this latter day,
 When spirits so fantastic play,
 You 'll think that what my muse may say
 Is pure invention.
 Was I mistaken that I heard
 A signal-whistle ? — when appeared
 An army of the quaintest things
 That e'er employed or legs or wings.
 So odd they seemed,
 That sure I am no mortal e'er
 Saw beings so grotesque and queer,
 Save when he dreamed.

The nearest picture of their looks
 You'll find in ancient story-books —
 Of elf and ogre, sprite and fairy,
 Some winged, some clawed, some smooth, some hairy;
 Grimacing, frolicking,
 Dancing and rollicking,
 Kicking and leaping,
 And hopping and creeping;
 Some turning somersets
 Over tall violets;
 Some little joses
 Each other's noses
 Pulling, and hiding behind the bright roses.
 Brimful of fun
 And mischief, they run
 And scamper like mice, old GRIMALKIN to shun.
 Well, such a host as this beset
 Old ROGER, and he'll ne'er forget
 The awful way they treated him
 Till feathers sink and lead can swim.
 All seemed with earnest zeal to be
 The champions of some favorite tree,
 Which he, with hatred unalloyed,
 Had always warred on and destroyed.
 Each little imp possessed, I ween,
 His own peculiar magazine:
 Capacious pockets, hugely stored
 With various fruits — a motley hoard,
 Which he, with hearty aim inspired,
 Right plump at ROGER's target fired.
 Here flew a peach and there a plum,
 While fore-and-aft the cherries come.
 Alarmed, he squirmed on every tack,
 And caught on every side a whack;
 Hard apples bounded from his pate,
 And thumped his ribs at shocking rate.
 The little torments mocked his fears,
 Plugged at his eyes, his nose, his ears,
 His mouth, his cheeks, his sides, his breast,
 Without a single moment's rest.
 Now, with a mad, spasmodic grasp,
 Old ROGER sought a foe to clasp,
 Clutching around him far and near;
 But, with inimitable leer,
 Of his intention well aware,
 The left his fist fast-closed in air;
 Then, full of glee, like hail and rain,
 They poured their missiles in again.
 Perhaps a listener might have heard
 The pigmy-torturers fling a word
 Amid their sport, like this, to wit:
 'Please tell me how those apples fit!
 Take that, and that!
 And learn, old rat!
 Your war on our domain to quit.
 At him, my braves!
 Till peace he craves —
 No sin his villain blood to spill!
 We'll pommel him
 Till stars are dim;
 He's worse than the Nebraska-Bill.'

No lack was there of hearts and hands
 To execute these said commands.
 Battered and bruised and blind and numb,
 Old ROGER thought his hour had come.
 With conscience, then, fast growing tender,
 An unconditional surrender
 He deems it best to make, until
 He time may have to write his will.
 So, with an accent far from bold,
 He calls: 'Peccavi!' 'Quarter!' 'Hold!' 'Cease!' quoth the leader of the host:
 Each Lilliputian at his post
 Repaired at once, from arms and cries,
 But still looked daggers through his eyes.
 Then came a parley, and a truce,
 The terms of which I beg excuse
 For not repeating, as they're long,
 Inapt for weaving into song.
 Their purport may be gathered well
 From the brief sequel I shall tell;
 And I'll for ROGER's credit say,
 He kept them to his dying-day.

LONG years elapsed, and ROGER's home
 Had quite a different place become:
 Fine rows of thrifty, shady trees
 Lifted their verdure to the breeze;
 The plum, the apple, and the peach
 And pear were all within his reach;
 While, nailed to every garden wall,
 His grapes were neither few nor small.
 In fact, his nursery was famed
 The country o'er, for model named.
 Still greater crops increased his joys;
 He grew in wealth, and then his boys
 Went forth no more o' nights to sin —
 Their 'mother knew that they were *in*.'
 His neighbors dropped the name 'old codger':
 'T was now respectful 'Mr. ROGER.'
 His dwelling, too, kept pace with all:
 The shingles new, and painted wall;
 His fences straight, upright, and stout;
 His door-yards neat and clear throughout.
 In fine, whoe'er might ROGER scan,
 Found him a wholly-altered man.
 The little sprites who nightly came
 To frolic on some funny game,
 Declared he'd met their expectation,
 Needing no farther visitation.

And now, my friends, the *moral* hear;
 Then you and I are this time clear.

M O R A L .

Not crops, alone, gigantic, can
 Of a curnudgeon make a man:
 And wondrous 't is, how raising fruit
 Can civilize the human brute.

Stockbridge, (Mass.)

T H E L A S T T R I P .

BY A STEAM-BOAT CLERK.

'ALL in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun at noon
Right up above my head doth stand,
No bigger than the moon,'

with nothing to protect me from its fever-engendering rays but an inch and a half pine-roofing, reeking with its melted, tarred, canvas covering, while far surrounding, as we 'urge our solitary way' up the mile-wide river, there is naught to be seen but the same dazzling, blinding, blazing flame,

'GLITTERING keen and bright
For miles away,
And stretching to the dazzled sight
A luminous belt and fiery light,
Beyond the dark pine bluffs and 'bars 'of sandy gray.'

Perched up at the desk in my little 'den,' like old Tim Linkinwater, and feeling under the influence of the weather nearly as 'fizzly' as that 'notched and cropped scrivener,' I cease writing, reverentially pausing, while Imagination takes wing, and, transporting me from the essentially 'sunny South' to the far North, visions of shady places, cool, sequestered dells, remembrances of quiet, deep valleys, dense woods, breezy knolls, gently-flowing murmuring streams, and harvest sounds from the green meadows and ripened grain-fields, 'reeling and blushing to the sun,'

'THE tinkling of the shepherd's bell
And singing of the reapers,'

seen and visited aforetime, come mingling in one dreamy sound that drowns even the noise of 'clanging wheel and lifting keel,' that accompanies our hot progress, causing me to feel cool again, and impatient for the 'drawing nigh' of the time when, once again released from the oar, I can once more 'reign and revel' in home delight among the everlasting hills.

The two preceding trips to the one now in progress were what in boat-man's phrase are called 'flat' and 'coal-boat trips,' and which, when made, are generally considered the closing trips of the season, and which are also dreaded by steam-boat officers almost as much as was the transportation, in by-gone days, of the Salt-River and Kanawha men.

The returning crews of these leviathan arks of our Western wealth generally follow their leader. Whatever boat is selected by their pilots or captain, is pretty certain to secure their several crews. Like sheep, they go in gangs, the fastest boat, as well as those who have been most liberal in throwing out papers to them when ascending, being the most popular.

Once on board, they are generally masters of more than their own portion of the boat. Considering themselves privileged characters, they ignore all conventional rules, and hints to them of this or that part of the boat to be sacred from intrusion, hooted at. Their previous free and unconstrained life gives them an independent air that is truly American, and would be admirable, did it not trench on the right of another class of passengers, who find themselves provokingly anticipated in the choice or selection of any particular dish or delicacy at meals.

At night, ignoring state-rooms, they sleep any and everywhere: on the deck-room freight, on the boiler and hurricane-deck, the guards, under the boilers, and if in a cool night, *on* them.

Of course, in a horde of two or three hundred, (and we have often had that number,) there will be some black sheep among them: desperadoes, 'wharf-rat,' and 'heavy villains' seek such opportunities to ship as deck-hands or passengers for the purpose of robbery and murder, if need be. These robberies are of frequent daily (or rather nightly) occurrence, and still more frequent the bloody rencontres between them and the belligerent mate, employed to protect the exposed deck-cargo from depredations, in express view of his giant frame and the reputation he enjoys for terminating a 'muss,' in his own original and summary manner.

Such are some of the reasons why steam-boat officers dread a 'flat,' and more especially a 'coal-boat' trip.

Poor fellows! We see them only in the darkest phases of their lives and career, and are too apt to forget their previous life of hardship and exposure, their incessant toilsome and wasting labor, their industry, indomitable energy, calm endurance and perseverance, their contempt of danger and even of death; for who so exposed to a sudden one as the workers of a coal-barge, loaded with so heavy a cargo, and to within a few inches of the very surface of the treacherous waters, in whose gloomy depths so many have found a watery grave?

Who can judge hardly of poor human nature if, when after running all these risks, wherein so many have perished by the way-side, and concluding safely the long, tedious journey of over two thousand miles, they see the termination of all their toils, and the vast city, which had loomed so weirdly to their boyish imaginations, and now perhaps seen by some of them for the first time in their lives, heaves in sight, buoyant in their exultation, sharing their captain's pride and gratification in having so safely delivered the costly cargo intrusted to his skill and care, they

'UNANIMOUSLY agree,
When the barge is safely landed,
To the wharf moored,
By rope secured,
To get up the tallest kind of a spree,'

in which sad aspect of their character we only see them fit subjects for any prevailing epidemic, which too often seizes them and hurries them to their eternal sleep, enforcing on the officers of the boat the melancholy duty of burying them upon the banks of the lonely river, amid

the eternal solitudes, there to repose till the rank vegetation of this climate, blooming and then rotting and mouldering, reduces all to one common level ; or the mysterious river, whose remorseless waves are continually giving and taking away in its ceaseless changes, whirls away all traces of the spot ; but alas ! not all remembrance from far-away mourning friends.

During a brief escapade from duty and brief sojourn in 'old Pitt,' in the winter, among other interesting memorials and things of fame that characterize the Birmingham of America was the sadder sight of the assemblage every morning of the hundreds of this class on the banks of the river, in anxious expectancy awaiting the moving of the waters that would furnish them employment and means of subsistence for their dependent families. The ensuing summer enforced upon me the melancholy duty of assisting in the burial of many of these poor fellows.

The truthfulness of the flat-boat trip terminating the season, was not verified in our case, and our blissful anticipations of so soon exchanging our floating-home for one more dear, was cut short by the unwelcome intelligence at the termination of our voyage, from the chief men in authority, (every man has his master,) that as the telegraphed intelligence of the increased virulence of the fever below would doubtless create a stampede of passengers northward, we must make another venture. The reason given was not exactly calculated to strengthen one's faith, and many in consequence refused to return. For myself, I have no apprehensions of epidemics, and think that a partial residence for so many years in this enervating and debilitating climate has hardly left material sufficient in my body corporate for any epidemic to operate upon to any dangerous extent ; and beside all this — and all reverently be it spoken — I believe I am under the BENEFICENT care everywhere, and upholden by this faith, care not whether I die

'In field or in wood,
Or go down in the silent sea :
Or die in my bed, as a Christian should —
'T is a matter of small concern to me.'

My faith, however, may have been somewhat strengthened by the belief in the correctness of the theory generally entertained and so strenuously maintained by the 'medicine men,' that a person who has once undergone the ordeal of the dread fever, is for ever after exempt ; for I produced sufficient evidence of that fact to satisfy the scruples even of that honorable body known as the New-York Life Insurance Company, and induce them to remit the twenty-five dollars annual premium they exacted for the pleasant luxury of residing South after June, though they flouted at the modest request I made for them to remit the *other* additional twenty-five dollars for what they in their simplicity termed 'compensation for an extra-hazardous profession,' classing me with a powder manufacturer.

Reluctantly, with such a crew as could be gathered, we turned our faces sadly from home, and turned southward. Who of us would return ? was a question each asked himself silently.

The trip seemed like a lonely voyage in some newly-discovered sea, so few boats did we meet, those few stopping like ships at sea to hail us,

and shouting to us alarming intelligence of the spread of the fever. Those rumors increased and became more fearful as the distance lessened between us and the doomed city. It seemed to some like a tempting of PROVIDENCE — a going forth with one's life in one's hand.

At Vicksburg and Natchez we were told that on our return we would not be permitted to land, as both places would then be placed under quarantine regulations, and also that it was extremely doubtful whether we would be permitted to land at New-Orleans, as the authorities, in their excessive zeal to isolate the city from all foreign contagion, had extended their prohibitive law to all vessels coming from the torrid zone or tropical climes, the only feasible way to evade which, that seemed at all feasible, was the taking out of fresh custom-house papers dated from Kamschatka.

A few days' more journeying, the monotony of the trip only broken by the frequent hails from plantations we were passing, from the frightened occupants thereon, to call and take them up on our return, and we came in sight of the coast, so called from 'Cote Joyeuse,' or joyful coast, so named by the original French settlers, who saw in its far-stretching and level verdure their own loved France.

The whole extent of the Mississippi banks might also with geological propriety be called also the coast; for there is not a continuous strata of rock to be found crossing the river all the long distance of a thousand miles, the first sign being discoverable about twenty miles up the Ohio.

The waves of the ocean have doubtless laved the base of this rock ages ago, and the Mississippi Valley or Delta is but the accumulations of the annual deposits of the innumerable streams pouring their tribute into the vast reservoir.

I could enlarge upon this theory and support it by geological authority, relate some interesting facts and curious statistics, tell of the continual changes of the channel, the taking away from one side and adding to the other, forming here a half-mile wide bar, which, throwing its current to the other side, engulfs in its voracious maw miles in extent of land; of bends and alternate curves continually forming, some of which are thirty miles round, and in places but six hundred feet wide, with a fall of but a foot; of the formation of 'cut-offs,' made by the rushing waters every annual freshet, assisted by some sacrilegious hand, bursting its barriers and seeking some new outlet; the gradual filling up by the subsidence of the waters of the extremities of these bends, the rapid growth of the cotton-wood upon them converting them into inland lakes.

Many a lordly proprietor of a plantation who has gone to his rest at night, exulting in the possession of a more accessible and beautiful frontage to his place than his less fortunate neighbor opposite, has risen up of a morning, after a 'June freshet' or winter flood, and found it gone bodily over to him, and with it a portion of the grove and garden, the growth and work of years.

I could tell more of the mysteries of this mysterious river, whose depths scarce hath plummet yet sounded; of the under being more swift than the surface-current; and discourse all solemnly and pro-

phetically of the probabilities of New-Orleans, at some future time, being converted into an inland town, not only from the perceptible shallowing in and narrowing in of the numerous outlets to the Gulf, which is an alarming and an admitted fact, but more especially from the fatal consequences arising from the general and extensive chain of leveeing being carried on all along the Arkansas low-lands, which nature evidently intended for a reservoir, into which an immense portion of the annual overflow was to be poured. It is probable and palpable to thinking that the more extensive this leveeing becomes above, will the necessity increase for the dwellers below to build also more expensive ones; but I have neither time nor space, nor do I expect your patience, and beside the Mississippi is a theme

‘SUBLIME,
That needs a holier mood and calmer time
Than earth allows me now.’

The coast proper extends some hundred miles or so above the city on each side of the river, and here perhaps is concentrated more wealth than in any other part of the State, a sugar-farm, with its immense ‘succory’ building, requiring more capital to carry it on than a cotton-farm.

Some of the residences are equal in extent and magnificence to, and remind one, with their surroundings, of the villas and palaces of Italy. Linked together by the intervening gardens, redolent of all tropical perfume, the air made vocal by the melody of the mocking-bird, (native here,) and the long line of negro-quarters, embowered in shade, they seem, as reflected in the calm, clear atmosphere, peculiar to this season of the year, like fairy-lands. The phantasmagorical effect is heightened by the singular phenomena of the *land surface being actually lower than the river’s surface*, sloping away from it ten to twenty feet, which gives to the bewildered eye the appearance of the boat floating in mid-air, suspended by invisible hands between the skies above and bright waters below.

The approach to the city in mid-winter, in the full tide and zenith of the business season, when representatives of all nations throng its streets, and the wealth of all the teeming West is poured into its capacious maw, is one of the most magnificent and bewildering spectacles ever seen by mortal ken. Stretching out to the left its crescent-shaped levee, of over ten miles, (including Carrollton,) lined with a perfect forest of masts — the vessels sometimes lying four abreast — a part of it devoted to the tow-boats, another to the flat-boats and barges of all sizes and shapes, plethoric with vegetable wealth, and the remainder to the steam-ships and steam-boats hailing from all extremes of the great West and ports in the world. The same levee — made and still making by the annual debris of the mighty river, assisted by art and man’s labor — extending in front of the city a quarter of a mile in width, covered with the uncounted millions in value of man’s industry, presents a mingled, confused picture in the gross that demands more time, space, and descriptive powers than I possess to describe in detail.

The streets all run at right angles with the river, giving the specta-

tor (as perhaps for the first time he sees the city) glimpses of each street as he floats by, some of limited extent, and some, the termination of which, from their length, cannot be seen, but all ending or bounded by the eternal swamp, which is in width from five to ten miles, from the termination of the streets to Lake Pontchartrain — the city, in fact, geographically speaking, being built upon a peninsula.

On the right, opposite the city, the river, expanding as it wends its way to the Gulf, seems and really is above the level of the land, and curving round, as if it were seeking its mountain-source again, the intervening land is lost to view. Should a mist or fog rise from the lowlands, the ascending and descending ships and steamers upon it appear like phantoms of the imagination.

Long before we made our landing, the change that had come over the city, even since we last saw it, was painfully apparent. The lonely shipping, denuded of sails and rigging, reeking with slushed decks, tarred sides, and covered with tattered, sun-protecting bagging and old sails, lay

‘WITHOUT nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.’

The flat-boat wharf was deserted too, their skeleton forms rotting and sinking gradually in the pestiferous mud, hardly distinguishable, the refuse vegetables cast upon the beach festering and scenting the air as we boomed by. The tow-boats, with their tall look-out ridge-ladders, reaching to the skies, (there being no vessels to tow up from the Balize now,) lay grouped together like a covey of wild-fowl in some secluded stream in the stillness of noon-day, swinging silently.

The streets were deserted, lonely figures sought the shaded side of the streets, and partaking of the general gloom of the deserted, damp, old warehouses, were lost in the shadow. The levee looked like a desert; grass was literally growing upon it; but vegetation is so rank here, and dampness so prevalent, that that is not an unusual circumstance. The tandem mule-drays wandered wearily over the deserted wharf, no longer urged by their inhuman drivers to that incessant gallop which uses them up invariably in a year. No longer was heard the mingled noises and hum and shokk of men that betoken the busy mart and great depot of the West, where

‘Box and barrels are slung about,
As they were hurled from slings,
And cotton-bales go jumping round,
Like leaping, living things;’

but all seemed dreary and desolate.

Extensive as this levee is, and made so continually, despite of the space made gradually being occupied by the erection of additional squares by the city, who claim the title, yet is it insufficient for the accommodation of the vast fleet of steamers which crowd its wharves in the business season.

The wharf-master (a very important personage here) allows each boat as much space wide as the width of herself, and as much in length as they choose to occupy — the extent of the levee even — till arrested

by some government or tobacco warehouse, lager-bier saloon, or Tim Regan's grocery. Notwithstanding this arrangement, (most strictly enforced,) I have known boats — seventy lying at the wharf at one time in loving embrace — to be compelled to lay idly outside, in anxious expectancy waiting an opening for days. In the terrible conflagration that consumed thirteen boats in two hours, the boat I was attached to then owed her salvation to that fortunate circumstance.

There is a curious tidal arrangement here, which, by a singular alternation of ebb and flow, enables a boat generally to effect a landing and lay in the required position without much difficulty. No need of any such manœuvring now. There were but three boats in sight, half-a-mile apart; and so, proudly circling round the broad waters, the 'Ben' extended her graceful shape, of nearly three hundred feet in length, along the wharf, which, as it came only up to her cabin-deck, brought her wide promenade-guards, ornamental and airy state-rooms, and tall chimneys in full view; and as we lay exactly opposite Common — the principal street leading from the St. Charles Hotel — to a stranger looking toward the river, she seemed, closing up the view, like an Italian villa, suddenly dropped from the skies, or the Venetian State gondola, waiting the adjournment of the 'Council of Ten.'

A cautious and leisurely walk over the hot, blistering levee, made (after crossing the piled wharf of logs) of small sea-shells, powdered into dust by the continual attrition and grinding of the countless drays thundering over it, reducing it to gritty powder, which seemed almost to blaze under the tread, and a quiet observation of the change two weeks only had made, would, I think, modify the faith of the most enthusiastic Creoles as to the health and future prosperity of this city.

I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but it does seem to me, that in addition to the physical and geological causes already briefly alluded to, there are other causes more patent that will retard the future growth of New-Orleans. All the great commercial conventions, and after-dinner resolutions passed thereat, cannot avert her fate. At one of these assemblages, held at Holly Springs, Mississippi, composed of the planters generally, a resolution was offered, rather reflecting on the integrity of the city merchant, proposing the direct transportation of their cotton to an agent at Amsterdam, which received its quietus from a quiet observation of one of its members, to the effect that, as the great house of Hope & Company, of that famous Dutch city, were the principal holders of the repudiated Mississippi Bonds, they might conceive the extravagant idea of securing themselves out of the consignments.

Beside the dangers alluded to, and those incident to all sea-port cities, from the influx of pauperism and disease from emigration, the situation, as I will show, is itself a very unhealthy one.

Let any one cross the wharf, protected by an umbrella or a portable tent, if procurable, and direct his steps up any one of the streets leading straight out; if in the American portion of the city he may walk a mile, or if at either end only a few squares, but whether few or many, he will find his walk will terminate in the same extensive swamp, before-mentioned, which stretches to Lake Pontchartrain. He will see no cellars;

every house, especially the modern American-built ones, being built in such a manner as to have an open space between the damp surface of the ground and the first floor, from three to ten feet high, for the purpose of dryness and ventilation, which is not always secured, for fungus *will* grow there and damp mould cling.

In some portions of the city there are deep ditches running through the very centre of the street, the sluggish water in them flowing (when it does flow) *backward to the everlasting swamp*, which engulfs all. These ditches are crossed at each corner by rickety wooden bridges, and lighted at night by lamps suspended from a rusty iron chain; let down from two high poles at each corner, by a clock-work of intricate arrangement, only understood by the lamp-lighter. All this with the unsightly and tall (some of them reaching to the second story) cisterns to hold rain-water, all the kind they have for drink and domestic use, an expensive and necessary adjunct to every house, reminds one of the old Flemish towns. There are no high-lands in this swamp, save here and there some little rising ground and knolls, on one of which the firemen's burying-ground is situated, and but four roads leading through it; the old Bayou Road, now in partial disuse; the Rail-road to Carrollton, now extended to the lake, which is the upper road; the southern one, from the termination of which the Mobile packets depart; and the middle one, the celebrated Shell Road, so named from the fact that it is raised and built upon the swamp of shells entirely.

At the termini of each of these roads are houses of entertainment, small villages, in fact; bathing-houses extend in white tiers along the shore, the entrances to them being over a piled and railed foot-way.

These places are much resorted to by the pleasure-seeking community, especially on Sunday, after divine service has been attended to, and mass 'did and done,' from the simple reason that there are *no other places to go to*.

The Carrollton Gardens, where are collected the finest and most complete collection of tropical fruits and flowers I ever saw, would be very desirable to visit were it not for the prevalent dampness and gelid mud that prevents one from sitting down anywhere, or even walking with any degree of comfort, and the additional annoyance of myriads of all conceivable-sized and mis-shapen insects, some as large as a butter-nut and similar in smell and color.

But a trip to the Lake-House by the Shell-Road, is the *sumum bonum* of enjoyment to the 'fast 'uns;' and a stranger who comes for the first time to the city, thinks he has not 'done the thing' unless he has added one more name to the list of noodles who pay ten dollars for a fish dinner they could get at a restaurant for a dollar. I could not say this while it was under the administration of George C —, (his modesty would not survive the full name,) who is not only reputed to be the best caterer in the South, but *known* to be

'The kindest man,
The best-conditioned man, and most unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies,'

of all public entertainers.

The ride or drive in itself is really a delightful one, and it is indebted to its own individual merits *as* a shell-road for it. I would advise no man to attempt it twice unless for this reason alone. It is very monotonous, there is no varied landscape to exalt your imagination, or local tradition to excite the fancy. Like those mythical personages, Messrs. Jack and Jill, ~~will~~ *went* up the hill and then came down again, you can ride or drive out, at a cost of five dollars, (regulated by law,) and are allowed ~~that~~ the blessed privilege of riding *in* again, if you choose.

There is nothing to be seen on the way. Two toll-gates, at which you ~~disturb~~ a ~~quarter~~ (or intrust it to your driver to do so if you want to 'put ~~on~~ *on* ~~the~~ *the* sleepy-looking keepers of which are up night and day in the 'flush season,' or, mayhap, a slim-legged Frenchman on a forlorn hunt after a slimmer-legged snipe.

To the left is the sluggish canal leading from the lake to the back of the city, an immense undertaking, of which, with their ten or twenty miles of rail-road, the enterprising, public-spirited Orleanians are justly vain. The schooners and other hebdomadal crafts upon it bring in lumber, lime, shells, fish, oysters, and sometimes cotton, and are manned by a primitive race of people, who live 'principally upon what they can get,' and crabs, shrimps, and a species of gypson (Jamestown) weed.

To the right, and on the left also, beyond the canal, stretches the vast fever-engendering swamp, the great cause, as must be apparent to the least unobservant eye, of the unhealthiness of New-Orleans, and which, till drained, will ever prevent the city from being a permanent abiding-place. People will resort to it as a money-making place, as they will to California, Central-America, or that delightfully hot country 'round about' the Amazon, Lieutenant Herndon describes. Put a dollar in any hot place, and it is asserted that some body will follow it; but when it is secured, the adventurer will leave for a warmer latitude. It is an old adage, that 'a man's heart is (or should be) in his home;' if the aphorism is true, it cannot be in two homes at the same time.

The swamp lies far below the surface of the road, and at all times when I have seen it, is covered with water or slimy, slushy mud, ankle, knee, and, in times of the 'crevasse,' waist and neck deep. No word of mine can describe it.

'MADE gloomy by tall firs and cypress dark,
Whose roots look like the very bones of buried men
Pushed through the rotten sod, for fears remark
A hundred horrid stems in hideous fray,
Besides sleek ashes with their withered bark,
Like crafty serpents climbing for a prey.'

and everywhere, and over all, covering every thing beside, lizards, slugs, caterpillars, bloated centipedes, malignant spiders, clinging to decayed stumps, suspended from nasty-looking parasitical vines and creepers; and squirming through the gelid mud were myriads, countless millions of the most horrid eerish-looking insects I ever saw, crawling and crinkling over the road itself, and crackling under one's tread like the crushing of oyster-shells, with legs of steel, a helmeted head and frontlet, from beneath which peered two piercing eyes, jet-black in color, with a gleam of a blood-red wing folded up.

These creatures are not confined to the swamps, but swarm over the gardens, climb the live-oak, defile the whiteness and purity of the magnolia and tulip, contrast their blackness with the red of the pomegranate. They seem sluggish, inert, torpid, care not to get out of your way, seem unconscious of your very presence but for their glittering eye. I know nothing of their habits; they seem to have but one movement, a quick leap, extending a foot. They are called 'grass-hoppers.' I am reminded by them of the plagues of scriptural times more vividly, and the locusts that 'destroyed the land and consumed their substance.' I wish them a 'good time' in 'consuming the substance' I saw.

It will be seen by this time that the out-door resort or places of amusement vouchsafed to the Orleanians are very limited. As to the facilities afforded by the numerous watering-places scattered along the lake shore, Pass Christian, Last Island, Biloxi, and others, I cannot speak of them from personal knowledge, never having crossed it in that direction but once, when going to Mobile.

I once crossed from the lake end, landing on the other side of it, which in that direction was thirty miles wide, and was agreeably surprised by the contrast the sandy beach thrown up by the waves afforded to the swamp and low grounds left behind; vegetation had accumulated in process of years and formed a natural levee, upon which were built little settlements and dwellings, occupied by some of the citizens of New-Orleans as summer-residences. The land was higher back. Here indeed was 'terra-firma,' and here flourished the 'pride of the South,' the China and magnolia, and grander still the glorious old live-oaks, the patriarchs of the woods, stretching their sail-broad vans of arms over the landscape like 'giants to sentinel enchanted lands.' I was still more agreeably surprised when, after cruising three miles along the shore, shadowed by these noble trees, suddenly to enter, apparently through the very foliage, a little river called the Chafunctah, (leaping waters,) whose calm surface and grassed banks reminded me of the 'still waters' of my native stream. The trees here grew so large that, hanging over, they brushed the tops of the chimneys as we passed, and under them grew the green grass and mosses gray, that one *could sit down upon*.

Only a few hundred yards, however, from the banks, the live-oaks ceased, and to them succeeded the 'piney woods,' straight, tall as ship-masts, over-grown firs with a faded bunch of greens at top, and skeleton-looking trunk, bare of foliage; tall as they were and thickly as they were crowded, they staid not the fierce rays of the sun, which seemed to shine perpendicularly down, and fairly igniting the red-looking, withered stuff that had dropped from them and dried, and which the Indians (a miserable remnant of a once powerful tribe of whom live here) gather to sell to sporting-gentlemen and jockeys for beds for horses in training, preferable as it is for softness and dryness, and the additional qualification of its bitter taste preventing the animal from getting out of condition from eating it.

One of these stoics of the woods, the most lithe, agile, graceful human I ever saw, was gathering some of it at the time, and ceasing his labors and striking his breast at the same time, remarked, 'Good man, me,' and immediately added, as I gave him a dime, 'Good man, you.' It is a pleasant and gratifying thing to be thus appreciated.

I was but too glad to escape from the stifling atmosphere, redolent of decayed insects, resin, tar, and turpentine, and essay a bath in one of the numerous bathing-houses which lined the bank of the beautiful river, the approach to which is by a railed pathway on piles, extending out some distance over the water. I 'went down into the water' simultaneously with *another person*, separated from me only by a light open slat-work, whose garniture, I saw at a glance, was somewhat different from mine. I 'stood not upon the order of my going,' but 'departed straightway from that place,' my disappointment somewhat modified by the occasional view I would get of the elegant alligator—Garr! four to six feet long—disporting in the water beneath me, as I walked to shore, and the exhibition, when I reached it, of a 'most delicate monster,' called a 'stingaree,' some fortunate fisherman had just succeeded in catching—another dried skeleton (or rather the 'entire animal,' for Nature does not seem to have provided them with any 'inwards') of which was also nailed up against one of the 'live-oaks.'

These beautiful 'ammiles' have a body the size and shape of the head of a flour-barrel, and about as thin at the edge, which is nicked and serrated like a cross-cut saw. The body, which, broad as it is, is but three or four inches thick in the thickest part, is as tough as that of a sea-horse, and bossed like a Roman buckler; head like a snake; eyes 'nothing to speak of;' and a tail forming part of the body, from which it tapers to the length of two feet, and terminating in a steel-pointed sting, ('hence its name,') which it can whirl round like an ox-whip, inflicting a painful, dangerous, and often fatal wound. Pleasant bathing-places these!

The first paragraph in the city papers the morning of my arrival that arrested the eye, as if by unconscious instinct, was the 'Weekly List of Interments,' under the head of 'Local Affairs,' exhibiting the dreadful total, for the closing week, of four hundred and thirteen interments, showing an increase of one hundred and three over the last. This was the official report, never accused, I believe, of exaggeration.

To return, after so long a digression, to the appearance of the city under the baneful influence of the fell disease: The streets, as I said before, seemed deserted and drear. Every third female encountered seemed clothed in the 'habiliments of woe,' of a blackness of color I never saw so intense in any other place. Pendent strips of white or black crape hung motionless in the 'still and pulseless air' from portico and door. Black-margined notes, the absurd but prevalent custom here of informing the whole public that another has gone to his 'long home,' met your eye at every corner and cross-way. Dismal-looking funeral processions, preceded by still more dismal-looking, dilapidated hearses, with drooping dirty-white plumes, taking the shrived dead, not to repose 'under the daisies,' but to be shovelled in the oven-like cells that are called graves here, or the 'Black Maria,'

'RATTling over the stones'
With its load of unshrived bones,
From the charity hospital.

I met no less than five of my friends, whom I was glad yet to see in

the 'land of the living,' who answered my inquiries regarding other friends with an ominous shake of the head; and refusing my proffered hand, lest I should be contaminated, as the fever was pronounced contagious. This fear seemed prevalent.

'Up and down the city streets,
Each man that now his neighbor meets
Hurries, shrinking from the place,
Gazing upward in his face,
As if he looked to see him die.'

Thus seemed the aspect of things in the city. The effect of the panic was 'made manifest' to us in the general 'stampede' that took place, and the eagerness to secure state-rooms, and was brought still more home to us by the reception of notes from the friends of those who had secured the means of leaving the city, subsequently informing us, that already had they been taken down by the fell disease. Some of the officers of the boat, as well as passengers we had brought, had already sickened and died.

The fever had increased steadily and daily during our stay in the city; no doubt caused by the fatal unfavorable weather, the night being as intolerable as the day. Instead of the cool, bracing breeze which at other healthy seasons is wafted from the Gulf at five o'clock in the afternoon, enabling the old French *habitués*, after sleeping all through the 'heats' of the noon with shaded windows and closed doors, to make of 'night a most pleasant noon,' we had instead cold, heavy fogs, dense enough to wilt down the legs of one's boots like damp tripe, a tangible mist, which hung like a pall over the earth till eleven or twelve o'clock, when it would be dissipated like a flush, and be succeeded by a 'copper sky and a brazen sun,' whose fiery blaze defies all description — making an entire change of clothing twice a day absolutely necessary.

One more incident, and we will leave behind us all these horrors; noticing among the assemblage that always gathers round the office during the two or three hours preceding the departure of the boat — at which time is concentrated all the business of the time 'laying in port,' and the upward trip, when all manner of bills are to be paid, demands to cancel, hands to settle with, bills of lading to examine and sign, and passengers to award state-rooms to — the 'travelled' and experienced ones of the latter waiting patiently, knowing well their politeness will secure them a cool and airy room, while a smile responsive to the hardly-perceptible one of the 'urbane and gentlemanly clerks' gleams on their faces as they see the impatient one receive a key to one situated in delightful proximity to the chimney or scape-pipe. A group of three waiting in 'anxious expectancy' for rooms, one of whom seemed faint and weak, I requested the others to wait till they were attended to, and received the thanks of the two, who were his brothers, for the courtesy, he being ill, and they being desirous of having him at rest. Fifteen minutes had hardly elapsed, when the case was pronounced by a passenger on board (an eminent physician) to be an aggravated case of the fever; and the same parties returned — this time given a 'wide berth' by the others — to have two passages refunded, as one of the

brothers had decided to remain with his younger brother, and the other to go home. Somewhat saddened by this sudden fronting with death, I resumed my duties with a more subdued and tolerant air, and one by one the crowd diminished. The brother had returned from his melancholy errand, and was seated on the guard opposite my window, gazing mournfully over the 'levee' and the now fast-darkening streets, when a hurried messenger came and told him that *one brother was dying, and the other was attacked with the fatal symptoms!* One more passage to refund, a hurried word of sympathy, and a clasp of the hand I knew would soon stiffen in death's last agonies; but with a hope that his journey to an earthly home would extend to 'an heavenly one.' And we were off, leaving in the 'gloaming,' at which time the city looks most gloomy; the dark streets opened out one by one, as we boomed by, making it resemble, as indeed it was, the 'city of the dead.'

The dreary monotony of the voyage, or trip up, was unrelieved by any incident noteworthy. We had three deaths from the fell disease among the passengers, and two aggravated cases among the officers, which were cured by nursing, and resigned obedience to the remedies prescribed by a member of the 'Howard Association' going home.

At Natchez, the quarantine-ground extended four miles below the city, and consisted of a wharf-boat, converted from a dismantled and denuded steamboat, moored against a sixty-foot bank, overshadowed by the dark woods. Our passengers were all there in waiting. At Vicksburg, the 'quarantine buildings' were instituted in the same way, with this difference, that the waiting passengers were not compelled to come to the wharf, as we could land at Vidalia, which is opposite Vicksburg, and in Louisiana; at neither place were we subject to any detention or stringent exactions — the complaisant physicians taking our word for the healthy condition of our passengers. Their duties did not seem to be very onerous, so far as I could see: consisting principally in smoking very blunt segars, varied by the imbibition of brandy-smashes and gin — something else.

At Memphis we had the unexpected gratification of meeting one of our officers, which seemed almost like a 'rising of the dead,' as, missing him ever since we left Memphis, on the downward trip, we had given him up as lost — drowned. He had 'stopped off,' he said, 'to see a friend he had not seen for *I do n't know how long.*'

We have a motley and miscellaneous assemblage on board, different from any experience before. Conspicuous among them are some foreign officials from Central America and Mexico, and also some of the old Creoles or French residents, never scared out of their many-gabled and tile-roofed houses before. They ignore meat and coffee, (only at three o'clock in the morning,) but the claret and all species of greens suffer. They have a mysterious idea of the North; they want to see 'dis wonderful countree where de ice grow.' Some of them, by dint of asking multifarious questions, are making astonishing progress in the acquisition of our language; one of them remarking to me one morning, astonished at the progress made by the boat during the night: 'Stim-bot valk vera moosh fast last night.'

Among other oddities, originals, and 'characters' we have is a well-

known worthy and wealthy planter, who is moving, with his whole family, 'man and maid-servant,' dogs, guns, carriages, and horse, to some place 'where it is cool;' he will sojourn a while at Cleveland for repose, but will not stop short of Maine, or Iceland if necessary; wishes he had an iceberg near his place; expresses a desire to 'set in his bones.' He weighs two hundred and forty pounds. 'Larding the lean earth as he walks' up and down in a huge flowered dressing-gown, accompanied by two of his servants, who cool him with huge palmetto fans, followed by another, who is under a perpetual injunction to 'keep a fetching of him ice,' of which he has three casks of his own on board.

As a contrast to these loom forth the Tennessee emigrant, leaving behind him the barren lands of his native State, going forth for a new home, anywhere, with a stout heart and strong arm, and a spirit untamable as a bison's. When asked as to their destination, their reply, in a drawling nasal tone, is invariably: 'Wall, to Texas *and* the Arkanso-s.' 'Well, at what place do you wish to be landed?' 'Ain't at all particular, stra-anger; nearest p'int.' Tall, gaunt, fever-and-aguish looking fellows, almost always blessed with a dozen or more children, most of them boys, and the eldest of whom possesses at least two dogs, and a gun apiece, generally on half-cock, all of which you are respectfully requested to take particular care of.

A steam-boat life is singularly calculated to elicit and eliminate whatsoever of individuality or originality of character a passenger possesses. Exempt as it is from the discomfort of stage or canal travelling, and the irritations and annoyances of 'riding on a rail,' uniting the quiet comfort of home with the luxuries of a hotel, the very necessity of meeting three times a day, at one common table, for one common object, and the dependence of all upon each others' mutual courtesy and amenity, ignoring all conventionalities for their aggregate enjoyment, develops an intimacy which, in my experience, has ripened into friendships lasting as life.

And in this consists its charm and fascination, though many and varied, sudden and strange — some of which I have had sad occasion to describe aforetime in the pages of this very magazine — like life condensed and epitomized, are the aspects and phases seen and experienced by those whose destiny it is to 'go down to the sea (river) in ships, (steamers,) and do business on the great waters.' Brief is the time allowed from the incessant and wearying duties to indulge in reverie or mental liberty and relaxation. Yet, amid all the blaze and excitement, there are some 'oazises' of leisure, *some* intervals of ease, and even I am vouchsafed *some*

'Quiet joys and pensive times :
Though forced to live by 'keeping books,'
I sometimes *live* by writing rhymes:'

endeavoring in some poor measure thus to embalm the memory of the friends 'time-tried and true,' and to preserve the 'enamel of the heart.'

All unconsciously and unceasingly during these intermitted pencilings, have revolved the fleshless arms, and throbbed the iron heart, a

'mock of stories old,' of the mighty power that has borne us onward and onward, past lonely 'bends,' desert 'bars,' beetling bluffs, and dark woods, 'made gloomy from the death of man,' that characterizes the turbid, dreary Mississippi, till now, emerging into the clear, pellucid waters of 'La Belle Rivere,' with its varied scenery, noble trees, moss-grown and gray and picturesque banks, 'fringed to their willowed margin down,' a home-feeling already begins to fall upon me, a revival and more vivid surrender to the influences of the vision with which I commenced this letter, and a more impatient longing for the time when, released from 'carking cares,' wearisome and monotonous duties, I can revel in the luxury of leisure, home felicities, and quiet, varied by long-deferred promised visits to scattered and far-away friends.

Chiefest and most cherished of all of my anticipated pleasure is that to be realized in the acceptance of the verbal and fervent invitation of 'Old Knick' himself, (prefaced by the remark that in the 'deavin din-some town' 'Richard was not himself any more,') to 'spend one night with my beloved family and myself, in my happy home on the beautiful Hudson.' An extension of the visit to other 'near and dear' friends who 'thereabout do dwell' will 'not by no means' diminish the pleasure. Vale!

WM. HENRY ALLEN.

Steam-boat Ben F—, ascending Mississippi River, near Cain, August 25, 1855.

' I N T H E L A N D O ' T H E L E A L . '

A SONG BY THE PEASANT BARD.

WHEN the 'clods of the valley' to me shall be sweet,
And the conflict of Life shall be o'er;
When the friends whom I loved, and delighted to meet,
I shall greet 'in the body' no more:
I borrow no sadness of heart, for I feel
They 'll be mine, o'er the line, in the Land o' the Leal.

When the sorrows of life, like the clouds of the night,
Shut so gloomily down round my way;
When DESPENDENCY visions her phantoms of fright,
And, as lost in the wild, I'm astray:
The thought, like the dawn, o'er my spirit will steal:
Bright for aye is the day in the Land o' the Leal.

When the labors of life, with their wearying weight,
Press me heavily down to the dust;
When I see gilded sloth and the indolent great,
Who have no need to toil as I must:
Away, fickle FORTUNE! unsure is thy wheel!
Give me rest, with the blest, in the Land o' the Leal!

Gill, (Mass.,) October 24, 1855.

T H E O L D M A N ' S W I S H .

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

My youthful years are sped,
My boon-companions fled,
And I am going fast
The way that they have passed —
To the dead!

The forms I loved are flown,
The lips I kissed are gone,
And naught I see but change
In the streets that I range
Through the town.

I watch my ebbing glass,
And the shadows as they pass;
And I know my life will wend
Very soon to its end —
Soon, alas!

I would rather have it so;
For Life 's a weary show,
And its vanity and lust
Are unknown in the dust
Whence I go.

The boys that pass my door
Look in, but shout no more;
Nor do they stop and laugh,
When they see me with my staff,
As before;

For they know that day by day
I am wearing fast away:
And 't is well it is my lot —
It were strange if it were not —
To decay.

With the yellow leaf and sere,
I hasten to my bier;
For Life 's a twice-told tale,
And me 't will not avail
To be here:

For the World is grown unkind,
And no rest therein I find;
Nor therefore shall I grieve,
When it comes my turn to leave
All behind.

LETTERS TO ELLA: FATHER GREEN.

NUMBER FOUR.

I NOTICE what you say about Father Green's age. It is true that he is not very old. It is likely that the notion of age has attached to him more from the notions of his relations to society around him, than from any other cause. I can, nevertheless, remember when I thought forty to be old age. He is more than forty. Since I have known him, he has been without wife or family. He talks little on that subject; but has sometimes said, rather positively, that to be once married is, in his opinion, and according to his feelings, enough for one life.

Unchanging fidelity to a single pledge—is it not beautiful?

It is not well to lessen the merit of a faithful and patient fulfillment of the duties of life in any relations. There appear to be occasions and situations where second marriages, and even third marriages, signify any thing rather than levity of feeling toward the first. Natural love of offspring, the excellence in itself of the family relation above all other earthly relations, appear sometimes to forbid perpetual solitude. Our SAVIOUR declares that in heaven there will be no conflict between earlier and later marriage ties. The supposition is that the marriage relation and the relation of parent and child are only preparatory to a union more sweet and solemn above; that it is only in our lower existence that these ties are needed; that hereafter hearts will be unvaild, and those who love each other truly will be united to part no more. What higher conception can we gain of heaven, my darling, than to conceive that you and I will love each other more than we do now?

When it does so happen that one's whole life can be dedicated to a single vow, and no duties neglected, is it not fortunate, is it not beautiful, is it not blessed?

When two young souls meet in the prodigality of youthful sympathies, what height and depth and greatness would there be in the assurance that no cloud of separation could pass between them for ever! This thought in itself is a hymn and a benediction. It comes from somewhere. It is an infinite thought, and must be one of those bright glances lent us from an INFINITE BENEFactor, which discloses at once the proof and the glory of our immortality.

This feeling which we call love is not easily analyzed. Let me be excused in this respect from the aid of mental philosophers. They are like the botanists who, in order more fully to explain the character of a flower, pick it to pieces and destroy it. I have no flowers to spare. It may be my misery to look upon their leaves and blossoms strewn and withered, but not with my seeking.

It is enough for me to see the great mountain of light which is reared, august and sublime, in the declaration that GOD IS LOVE. If we may not reverse this saying, and believe that love is GOD, we may feel

assured that love is not an alien sentiment, but kindred to His nature.

I think my love to you, my daughter, is not solely the result of habit. Perhaps it is an abuse of language to say I think about it at all—I feel. My feeling brings to me the sense of inspiration and its safety. I seem to know. If it were to be limited to this life it would be an anxious feeling. There would be danger of losing it, and the joy of its presence would be painfully clouded with the fear of its loss. I rejoice; I become taller and stouter; I have a feeling of grandeur in the belief of its being endless. It may be more bright and pure—I hardly know how—but it is my destiny and my triumph never to see it lessened, and never to be robbed of it. Yes, Ella, you will be mine and I will be yours always.

But how is this! It may, I hope, be your fortune to marry, and become the mother of children. You will thus assume another endless tie with your husband, and will love your children as I love you. Will those new bonds usurp the authority of the older ones and weaken them? Were such to be the case, it would be one source of resignation for those who lose children before they arrive at ripeness. They might believe that death is not a separation, but only a safeguard against it. Rather let us hope that death is the beginning of a larger life, and that the decay of our physical organs is but the unclogging of our faculties. It may be that we shall come to joys that eye hath not seen nor ear heard. It may be that all memories will be revived, that the links of love and relationship will be made bright and beautiful, running through all generations up to their great author.

Let us beware of this immortal memory, and keep clear of thoughts which it will be painful to remember. How dreadful would it be to remember with deathless regret a pledge of affection untruthfully made and lightly broken. I hope there may be waters of cleansing somewhere, in which contrite spirits may bathe and become pure. But, Ella, I believe I shall need no cleansing of a single thought unfaithful to you.

It has happened to me to see death in many forms, from the infant whose life was exhaled upon its mother's bosom, to the culprit who struggled on the scaffold; but in all cases the spirit seemed to have left its last farewell in a happy mood. I am told it is not always so, but have never seen it otherwise. There has always been left upon the forsaken tenement, in the cases I have seen, the impress of an unearthly serenity and repose.

My purpose was to tell you about Father Green. I did not intend to allude to the above topics, but my love for you is of such size, that when uninterrupted by other thoughts, it runs backward and forward indefinitely, and seeks its relations with the infinite.

One of the principal complaints now urged against Father Green is, that he has neglected to impress us with the importance of doctrinal points. Under his ministry, Old-School and New-School, High-Church and Low-Church, Unitarian and Trinitarian, Calvinism and Socinianism, have been permitted to subside into a mixture and jumble. He has hardly kept up the proper line of separation between saints and

sinners. The goats have been allowed to run among the sheep, and the sheep among the goats. He allowed several dissolute young persons to frequent the choir, for no other apparent reason than because they could sing well, and loved to sing. Some of the fast men about town took in their fiddles and flutes. We were all dull and slothful, and did not think to make objections. So we went on singing, fiddling, and fluting 'Mear,' 'Old Hundred,' 'China,' and so forth. It is true that several of these objectionable persons afterwards joined the church, and some of their companions were drawn toward it; but perhaps they ought to have been compelled to do so in the first place, or to have kept out of the choir. It is to be feared they did not become Christians from conviction or from doctrine, but from sympathy. We were drifting along into a spiritual dream-land with all sorts of company.

One day in cherry-time, Father Green came up to Ellasland, and told us he had met some new friends in the city, who appeared to have no means of entertainment there except the theatre and other places of public resort. He did not wish us to receive them, but would like to bring them to see the grounds and the prospect, and, if we had no objections, to eat a few cherries. What was our surprise, afterward, to see him coming with half-a-score of fellows with big watch-seals, and vests of a most complicated and astonishing figure; in short, a set of gamblers, whom I had passed for years without speaking to them. One only of the company besides himself wore the aspect of a gentleman.

He was a young man with light hair and florid complexion, not apparently above the age of majority, dressed with modest and elegant taste, and having an air of good-breeding. There were in his features the traces of dissipation, and the lurking presence of premature disgust; but, with these exceptions, there was nothing to show his habit of such companionship. He rather sauntered apart from them than belonged among them. He appeared to be conscious of a natural association among different people. I believe the arrival of this company was the first time my confidence in Father Green was ever shaken.

We had intended to receive his friends cordially, invite them into the house, treat them to fruit, and make their visit pleasant. But, seeing who they were, we all retreated out of sight, and, as a sort of emphasis to our disgust, called in the dog.

Martin Luther sat solemnly by the spring, and undertook to speak our sentiments.

'Grea-a-ate, gro-outy! Git out! git out!'

The first effort of the amiable friends of Father Green toward making themselves agreeable, was to pick up pebbles, and try which could first hit the venerable frog, who thus happily pronounced the feelings suitable to the occasion. A shower of stones fell around him, either of which hitting him would have deprived Ellasland of an accustomed voice, and the world of a pattern and model of meditation. Fortunately, none hit him. He threw himself upward, turned a half-somerser, and made a beautiful dive into the spring. Before the mud and bubbles had left the water clear, he found a place where he could lift his head under shelter.

Father Green guided his friends to a black-heart cherry-tree, and it seemed as if there were no end to their capacity for fruit. I am under the impression that some of us thought the cholera, in its proper place, might be a valuable institution. The cherry-tree being, at length, pretty well stripped, Father Green pointed out the beauties of the prospect.

The people of the villages were beginning to light their houses. The steam-boat fires threw a bright glare along the river. Occasionally a cloud of black smoke would be sent up in bold relief against the clear twilight sky, and curling in eddies, whirl away till it lost itself in deepening shadows of night. The young moon rose modestly over the scene, and if we had not been shut up, I think we should have enjoyed the evening. Our visitors probably did enjoy it. They were in no manner of hurry. Father Green appeared to be in his element.

They told stories and laughed and chatted a long time. There was an obvious purpose of spending the evening. They found seats on the brow of the hill, next the river. Conversation after a while subsided into a low hum, and finally into silence.

Father Green rose, and they followed. We thought at last they were about to go away and let us out. But no! He led the way to some seats under the old elm near the spring. One of them pulled out of his pocket the several joints of a flute, another a flageolet, another a jews-harp, and a fourth unbagged a fiddle. Father Green led off in the song about 'Uncle Ned' and 'the place where the hair ought to gro-o-ow; The place where the hair ought to grow.' They brought out each verse in full chorus, and it really sounded very well. The dog jumped out of the window, and went and laid down near them. Your brother slyly stole out by the back-kitchen door. Martin Luther ventured out again to a conspicuous perch. Father Green told a story about his mother, and several others told stories about mothers, and old family-times, the frolics, alarms, and incidents of childhood. We had kept as well out of sight as possible, but by close listening, could hear every word. Father Green proposed 'The Old Folks at Home.' Your mother said she thought the children would like to go out and hear that, and she had better go with them. I said, if they were all determined to go into such company, it would be my duty to go too. I was their natural protector. So out we all went. 'The Old Folks at Home' was sung with great unction. Toward the conclusion, the words 'There's where the old folks stay,' were pronounced with subdued voices and feeling. There was moisture in eyes that had not known a tear for a long time. The young man I have mentioned turned his back to us, but, I could see, used his handkerchief. They had reached a point where they all felt alike. Whether Father Green felt like a gambler, or the gamblers felt momentarily like Christians, I will not undertake to say, but there could be no mistake but that the feeling, whatever it was, was a common feeling.

'Now, boys,' said Father Green, 'I feel well. I'm happy. I want only one thing more. My mother and your mother have gone, or will go, to heaven. I want to pray.'

Down he went upon his knees, and down went every gay jacket in

the lot. By a sort of magnetic influence, every man went upon his marrow-bones. Your mother went to the spot and knelt among them. Your father—well, I don't mind acknowledging that your father caught the contagion, and did kneel not far off.

The purport of the prayer was, that as children we had been happy, but had wandered and erred and lost our innocence, and become restless and miserable. He confessed a great many violations of the divine law, not distinguishing himself at all from the gamblers. Indeed, his language was broad enough to implicate your mother and me. Then he begged for forgiveness and peace, and restoration to a state of childish purity and trustfulness and affection. He prayed for a place in heaven, and a reunion with lost friends. His faith reached forward with a strong grasp. To tell the truth, we were all a little elated. We made a sort of balloon ascension, and went up together. He closed with an earnest and affecting supplication for rest and peace for us all.

When we rose, he shook hands with us all round, and pointing upward, sung the last couplet of the chorus. The gamblers falling in with their voices, it was repeated :

‘THERE ’s where my heart is turning ever,
There ’s where the old folks stay.’

Your mother wished them to remain a moment, and produced from the house a supply of pie and cheese, after eating which, they departed.

This is an unvarnished statement of the facts in regard to a transaction which has since caused so much talk. It may have been partly my fault to allow them to eat up the cherries, but I am not responsible for the pie and cheese. I do not choose publicly to throw the blame on your mother, but between you and me, I wash my hands of it entirely.

The company went away together. One of them eulogized Father Green by telling him he was a ‘trump.’ Another said he was ‘one of ’em.’ A third declared he was ‘a hoss and no mistake.’ When they reached the point of separation, they gave their parting salutations very kindly.

‘Good-bye, old fellow ; you ’re game every inch.’

After they had passed on some distance from him, he overheard one of them saying to the rest with emphasis :

‘He ’s got hair on ’im. I ’ll die if he haint.’

Father Green, unobserved, kept in sight of them, and seeing that the young man I have referred to kept himself partly aloof, and seemed to accompany them with doubtful and divided inclinations, he took a rapid circuit and came back to them by a side path.

‘James,’ said he, addressing the young man.

‘What, Sir?’

‘Did you ever see a hermitage?’

‘Of what sort?’

‘Why, Sir, it bears about the same relation to the hermitages we read of that our young, cheap Gothic architecture bears to the old Gothic. It has all the disadvantages, and none of the poetry. Nevertheless, it is a sort of hermitage where a solitary old fellow like me can

shut himself up and growl or pray, as the humor takes him. And Sir James, I have a crust of bread there, which I sometimes break with a friend. To-night, James, the hermitage in the distance looks solitary. I am afraid there is not a frog to sing near it, nor an owl to hoot over it. Were you ever in a mood when it seems awful to be alone? To-night we have been talking and singing of mothers and of home. Between me and those scenes, there is a great gulf. I am not cautious enough to leap it, yet I must try. I cannot stand on the brink and look over, without an effort to go over. You are, by a great deal, nearer to it in years and in experience. Come and help me across, or I shall fall in — into an abyss of darkness. Come with me, James, to the hermitage, and share my straw and my crust. Strike hands with me, James, and say you 'll go!'

You will imagine that James's face would shine with a delightful surprise, but you are wrong. You do not understand the effects of vice. His features were clouded with one of the most painful emotions which the ALMIGHTY ever gave the human heart powers to endure — an impulse to confide in proffered affection, mixed with the fear of deception and betrayal. The first step in the path of vice is attended with a consciousness of some body wronged, of gain or pleasure at some body's expense. There is planted a seed of distrust, and nothing is more obvious to a close observer in the growth of vice, than the corresponding growth of distrust and loss of self-respect, until the vicious soul, darkened for ever, and feeling itself unable to confide in any body, goes down step by step from small vices to irretrievable crimes.

That James at that moment felt the need of sympathy, and would gladly have thrown himself upon the bosom of any friend, with a burst of penitence and affection, it is impossible to question; but distrust had begun its baneful growth in his bosom. This genial proffer of companionship might be a trap for some sort of betrayal. It was at any rate out of the common course of events. With a quivering lip and unsettled eye, he assigned an excuse for evading the invitation.

There stood Father Green, in the pale light of moon and stars, but his face beaming with perfect truth. He stretched out his hand, and James could not resist to clasp it. The question was settled. The two went their way together.

The nearest path to Elwood Nathan's house lay through a ravine, and across several knobs or hills. It was prettily checkered by frequent changes of light and shade.

You know that in the old classic fables, when the poets take their heroes down to *Avernus*, they find it easy enough to go there. After having satisfied the objects of their visit, they strive to get out again, and in that lies the difficulty. So it is with bad habits. To regain the paths of virtue, having once lost them, requires not courage only, but constancy; and these qualities are the ones most weakened by irregular and vicious courses. The soul under such circumstances is like a bird in full strength, eager to mount into the upper air, but which has lost from his wings their best feathers by struggling in the fowler's net. How many souls have I seen, striving to breast the air with uneven pinions, now rising, now falling, now raising a cheerful song from an ele-

vated perch, now pleading with low, fearful notes of despair from the level of devouring beasts, to which they had fallen.

The world passes by and says : 'Fly, bird, fly !' It takes credit to itself for good advice. The very thing of all others which he cannot do is to fly. How few, O my dear child ! how few that will take the poor bird in their hands, lift him from peril, and feed him until his feathers be grown !

Father Green and James continued their way for some distance in unbroken silence, sometimes pausing to take in the changing features of the landscape. The first word uttered by either was in passing through a deep ravine, darkened with heavy shadows.

'This is gloomy, very gloomy,' said James. 'I wish I had never been born.'

'But this,' said his companion, rising to the top of the hill above the ravine, 'is not gloomy. Here is any quantity of moon-light ; and if you were Romeo and I were Juliet, we might say things which to us would seem very wise, and to others very foolish.'

The idea of making a Juliet of Father Green, was so unexpected and grotesque, that it brought a smile upon the young man's face, and ended in unembarrassed laughter.

'Might it not be better,' he replied, 'for you to be Polonius to my Hamlet ?'

'*Me* Polonius ! Eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum ! Not yet, James. But then it would not be well for you to play Hamlet to my Polonius. Should you abuse Ophelia as Hamlet did, James, I think I should find marrow in my bones and muscle enough on them to cow-hide you, prince or no prince. My boot, James, would feel a tingling sensation, and I fear I should lose control over it. It might imagine itself to be a trip-hammer, to work horizontally and make itself uncomfortable till you were out of sight. No ; I have a fancy that when I act any character not my own, I would prefer a female character. Perhaps it is because my figure is adapted to it, (glancing humorously at his broad shoulders and massive outlines,) but since you do not fancy me for a Juliet, I will be Meg Merrilies, and will tell your fortune. Here is the situation in which Scott would have placed the real Meg, on this solitary hill-top, her figure standing in bold relief against the sky, which is the only back-ground. Very well, I will be Meg Merrilies, and tell your fortune. Let me see the lines in your palm : there, now, let us begin with what you think at this moment. It runs thus :

"HAD I a cave on some wild distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar,
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my last repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more."

'You will hold a moment. So far, very well : but the story is not yet told :

"FALSEST of woman kind, canst thou declare
All thy fond plighted vows, fleeting as air :
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try,
What peace is there."

'In the name of God! who are you, and how do you know my story? I may say my secret is yet untold,' exclaimed the young man, putting himself in a stage attitude, and seeming to act a part, but failing to conceal an emotion of real surprise.

T H E O L D E N T I M E .

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESSEY.

I.

THE Olden Time! — there comes a softened drifting
Along the dim aisles of the Inner Fane:
The lattice-drapery silently uplifting,
And lets the sunshine in its halls again.

II.

'Tis sweet though sad to see the sun-spots falling
Down from the zenith of the Olden Time:
To have the silver bells of Thought recalling
Departed glories with their mystic chime.

III.

To look without the Soul's still sanctuary,
O'er scenes that dot the Olden Time's domain:
Sweet scenes we've passed, with march of years so weary,
Ne'er to return and live them o'er again.

IV.

Old scenes, far off: the daisy-dotted meadow
Is where we paddled, bare-foot, in the brook:
And, nestled down within the maple-shadow,
Our childhood's cottage fills a quiet nook.

V.

And, nearer, stands a bright and bloomy bower,
Upon the way-side of our Life's sweet morn,
Where first we grasped Affection's lovely flower,
That faded fast, and left us but a thorn.

VI.

And, yonder, 'neath a dark old drooping willow,
A green grave rises in the purple shade,
Where lies a young head on the coffin-pillow,
That, years ago, all tearfully we laid!

VII.

Oh! thoughts will come, despite the inner striving,
Of things that faded from us ere their prime:
And we must list the Spirit's secret shriving
Within the Temple of the Olden Time!

Alexandria, (Va.)

VOL. XLVI.

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S T A N Z A S .

'A LETTER from the Crimea tells the following tale: 'Vultures are very numerous in the Crimea. They smell the powder, and await the coming of the fight, to throw themselves on their victims. After one of the recent combats, an English officer was found who had just expired, pressing in both his arms one of these birds of prey, dead, like himself, and which he had crushed in a last effort of agony.' — DAILY PAPER.

He left proud Albion's sea-girt shore,
With hopes and bearing high,
To mingle in the battle's roar,
And shout Saint GEORGE's cry:
He reck's not that the Golden Horn
O'erflows with noblest blood,
Or that the rays of coming morn
Will still augment its flood;

For, 'mid the carnage, he must win
A hero's glorious fame,
That he may claim of haughty kin
The fairest of her name.
Upon his heart a raven tress,
A truer shield than steel;
An angel-presence, come to bless
This day, he seems to feel.

And glorious *visions*! — his the lance
To turn the lilies pale!
And with the Working-Bees of France
Can England's Lion fail?
Upon Sebastopol's proud towers
Her blood-red cross must float:
The *glory* of the Allied Powers,
The *hatred* of the Croat.

To drive the Cossack from his lair,
Unearth him from his den;
To mine and double, like the hare,
Unworthy of brave men:
One desperate, fierce assault must test
The fortunes of the hour:
Saint GEORGE! Saint DENNIS! for the West
To crush the Despot's power!

We cannot paint the dreadful scene,
And weep to think such deeds have been.

The fight is o'er, the day is won:
On Malakoff's stern height,
Exultant in the glowing sun,
Imperial Eagles 'light;
And if the lion couchant seems
Before the Redan's base,
'T is but with rage to lap the streams
Which have no fitting vase.

Low, *too*, the noble form who led
 His comrades to their death;
 But from unnumbered wounds he bled
 Ere he resigned his breath:
 Even then, a vulture on his breast,
 Encircled in his arms, was prest;
 And while in agony he crushed
 The cruel bird, *he too was hushed*.

And *one* who weeps in stately halls,
 Envy that vulture's rest:
 For *her*, Earth's highest glory palls,
 To die with *him* were blest.
 She bears the vulture on her heart,
 PROMETHEUS like, of old,
 And longs for DEATH's reluctant dart
 To shrine her 'neath the mould.

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

FAMILIARLY NARRATED BY HIMSELF.

NUMBER ONE.

'STRIKE the hewgag! sound the tomjohn!
 Let the loud hosanna ring!
 Beat the huzzy fuzzy! wake the gongong!
 Buntum! fuzzlebum, dingo bim!'

ODE TO KING KANKERSQUAMKEE, OF THE FEGEE ISLANDS.

I NEVER was what you might call *smart*. What *I* call smart is thinking and acting at a snap on the spontaneous percussion principle. Now my brother Mad always was smart. He was in fact the most excessively *simultaneous* man I ever knew.

One day in New-York I saw Mad velocitating down Fifth Avenue in a sulkey, just behind a three-minute trotter. I'm not what you might call smart, myself; but I thought 't Mad might better have cut just as big a swath somewhere else in general, and on the island in particular. Before I could say, 'easy over the stones,' Mad's right wheel went over something — believe it was an Alderman's right foot — and up went my only surviving brother into the air like a brick-bat at election-time, and fell flat as a buckwheat on the side-walk.

Exchequer Harrison, of Milwaukee, and I picked the fraternal up.

'Madison, are you sensible?' said Exchequer.

'What 'll you give for the sulkey *as she runs*, Check?' replied Mad, as he undid his optics. I really believe he'd have gone stunned if he had 'nt first concluded to stick some body.

'Forty dollars,' said Check, looking down the street at the team as it Taconey'd along.

'Done !' says Mad. He had 't the word out of his mouth, before a tree-box took part of the sulkey, and annihilation the balance. Exchequer Harrison, of Milwaukee, got *one wheel*, in pretty good order ; and the loafers the rest.

We caught the trotter, and *then* Mad became very much laid out, indeed. I said nothing ; but reckoned that he was getting no better rather too fast for the good of some body's port-money.

'He can't travel,' said Pres Haynes, who had just called a cab. 'Salubrity's below par !'

'Go you twenty that I can ride her in bare-backed,' muttered Mad, very faintly, with both eyes shut. And he *did*. That twenty and Check's forty, just brought him out on the square.

Such was my brother Mad, a youth both gifted and pious — in the Cincinnati sense of the word — for before he was twenty-three years old he had made one hundred thousand dollars. Still his righteousness had its back-slidings ; since previous to his twenty-fourth annual birthday he had spent it all ; and his life ever since has been like that of the celebrated old oaken bucket, either up the top of the well, pouring out, or down at the bottom, taking in.

I have begun with my brother Madison, putting him a little out ahead of myself, on the same principle that a young lady at a party takes a beau or a *chaperoon*, to pilot fore-wise along, and ease her own *debut* off a little. Were I one of the smart sort this would be needless. But I have also had my own experiences, *kernickering round*, as they say in good society, having travelled, so to speak, upward of some : at times on my shape, and semi-occasionally on rail-roads, steam-boats, ox-wagons, triumphal chariots, and cellar-doors. But it was with me a juvenile *axiom* that the manner of travel, whatever it be, is greatly helped by the application of *metal* (meaning thereby tin, pewter, brass, dough, brads, ready, heavy, dust, spicuniary, funds, or any other word for money) to the wheels. 'Where the wheels is 'nt *tired* the hosses *is*,' said an old driver to me during the innocent apple-stealing days of infancy.

'Buy an 'ography 'f Barnum ?' said a man at my elbow, as I was lurching one morning in the Astor House. I looked around and remembered him as a thrifty, sparing book-peddler : so very sparing, indeed, that he was saving with his nouns, extra-economical with his adjectives, and clipped his words generally as if they had been coin. '*Buy an 'ography 'f Barnum ?*' said I thoughtfully to self, as I went up-stairs with the book.

'Who comes next ?' To judge from the book-seller's *ad's* and the police reports, one might reckon that every man in America has his life taken about twice on an average. All who go through the world pushing the big snow-ball of fortune before them, have *got to* find out, sooner or later, that a time will come when its size, *and nothing else*, will urgently call for a written description of *the roller*.

'Why, I might just as reasonably set down some of my own notions. I aint smart — what of it ?' and as Stetson handed over the key of my room, I looked him solemnly in the face and said :

'I WILL !'

'Will *what*?' answers Stetson.

'Will and bequeath to you my everlasting blessing if you don't move me down at least three stories below that toploftical garret where I'm stowed. Why, it's so high up that I can see the sun rise before sun-down, and I have to start before bed-time to get down-stairs in time for dinner!'

'*It shall be done,*' said S. 'Here, James! move there, some of you! Take this gentleman's baggage to No. —!' And it was accordingly in No. — that this commencement was cogitated and crushed out. From my window I could see Broadway and the Park, the incorrectness of the City-Hall clock, and the imposing front of the Hall itself; which, according to the newspapers, is nothing at all compared to the imposing work which goes on inside. I could see Windust's over the way through the endless ghostly whirls of wind and dust, which the City Fathers (being as they were, no conjurers) had not succeeded in laying. And lastly, I could behold the great TEMPLE OF HUMBUG, with its waving banners and myriad signs, and all the pomp and circumstance of gammon! From time to time as the omnibus wheels and ceaseless tramp of endless promenaders lulled a few, I could hear blasts of something like music from a balcony in front of the Museum, variegated with the occasional squeak of a pig, or of a lady just escaping vehicular death by about a hair's-breadth, on that celebrated crossing which is, according to travellers, (who ought to know,) more dangerous than the crossing of the Isthmus ever was in its worst days.

'*This,*' said I, as I looked out on the world in general, and at a white coat which sloped into the Tribune Buildings; '*this* is the correct spot to win. This is about the centre of the hub of the great wheel of the American world. There is no discount on this town! Foreign activity is like a mill-wheel; it goes round mighty fast when the water's high, but it don't get ahead! *American* movement is like the wheel of a locomotive; the quicker its turn-roundativeness, the greater its get-along! Welcome thou busy scene! for in thy presence shall the Observations of Mace Sloper be begun!'

NOVEMBER.

NOVEMBER, like a hopeless maid,
Doth wander all the day,
With veiled face, in mourning robes,
And weep her soul away.

And oh! it grieves me all the night
To hear her sob and moan;
And when the dreary dawn appears,
She utters but a groan.

And even when she strives to smile,
Our hearts are touched with pain:
For ah! we see nor joy nor hope
Can come to her again.

Rutgers College, November, 1855.

Poor broken-hearted! It is well
That she can weep and sigh;
For what is left her but to count
The fallen leaves drift by? —

To vainly pause in barren woods,
The missing birds to hear,
And vainly search for living flowers
Through all the valleys drear?

And soon beside the frozen streams,
To, fainting, drop and die,
While snow and sleet are falling fast
From out a dismal sky?

T H E B L I N D B O Y ' S L O V E .

BY JOHN H. NEW.

LIST! oh! list! — she is drawing near;
 For her tiny step and brief
 Falls softly on my strained ear,
 As the rain on vernal leaf!

Why beats my heart so wildly now,
 And starts my blood in fiercer flight,
 And crimson neck and cheek and brow,
 As skies, they say, when wings the night?

Why, e'en my tongue forgets its art,
 And croucheth down, oppressed with fear,
 As lilacs when the north winds part,
 Or beasts whose master cometh near.

Ah me! she has passed me like the breeze
 With odors from the autumn plain,
 Or like a ship o'er southern seas,
 When scarce a ripplet scars the main.

But, as a wrecked one on the shore,
 When Night has set her sentries pale,
 Whose low-bowed ear for evermore
 Is filled with rustlings of a sail,

I stand all breathless, hearing yet
 The murmur of her fading flight,
 While every sound is sweetly set
 To the music of her foot-fall light.

But thou, my LILY! shalt never know
 The soul that, like the restless sea,
 To thee shall ever ebb and flow,
 Unceasing as eternity:

For who am I to dream of love —
 Of thee, a twin to Beauty born,
 Whom every songster of the grove
 Greeted with his carol, as if the Morn?

No, no; those lake-like eyes of thine
 Should mirror back a face more fair
 Than this poor, dark one, sad, of mine,
 Where moody sits each full-browed Care.

And yet, my GOD! if for an hour
 Thou'dst grant me in her eyes to gaze,
 How cheerful would I yield the power
 Of life itself through countless days!

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE RED EAGLE: A POEM OF THE SOUTH. By A. B. MEEK. In one volume: pp. 108.
New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, Broadway and Leonard-street.

THAT Mr. MEEK is a true poet, the volume before us affords incontestable proof. For rapid and stirring action, vivid and faithful pictures of nature and character, and for general melody of versification, we scarcely know when we have met the superior, in its kind, of this most spirited Indian poem. We intend to show 'the reason of the faith that is in us' by a few extracts, which we think will be found fully to justify our encomiums. Let us first, however, present the reader with a syllabus of the subject-matter of the volume. The author informs us that the leading incidents of the poem, romantic as they may seem, are all strictly historical. They are drawn from that remarkable and sanguinary chapter in South-Western annals, known as 'The Creek War of 1813,' which has never been depicted in such vivid colors as its interest deserves. The hero of the story is the celebrated chieftain, *Weatherford*, or '*The Red Eagle*,' as he was called by his countrymen. As a warrior and an orator, gifted with all the physical graces that could contribute to preëminence, he never had his superior among our aboriginal tribes. He was the principal leader of the Creek or Muscogee Indians, in the terrific struggle which began, after some preliminary skirmishes, in the bloody massacre at Fort Mimms, sixty miles above Mobile, upon the Tensaw, a branch of Alabama River, on the thirtieth of August, 1813, when near five hundred persons, including all the adjacent white inhabitants of the insulated back-woods settlement, two companies of United States troops, and many friendly Indians, were indiscriminately butchered, through the criminal recklessness of a drunken commander, who, though warned of his danger, would not even close the gates of his fortress. But seven of the number miraculously escaped to tell the bloody story. This brought the speedy invasion of the Creek nation, by the various armies, from Tennessee under General JACKSON, from Georgia under Generals FLOYD and PINCKNEY, and from Mississippi under General CLAIBORNE, resulting in the rapid series of sanguinary battles, which, in a few months, almost depopulated the na-

tion; near five thousand warriors having laid down their lives in the struggle to which they had been incited by religious fanaticism, the wily schemes of TECUMSEH, and their aggravated hatred of the white man, so constantly encroaching upon their primitive hunting-grounds, then extending from the Chattahoochee to the Tombecbee.

The principal events of this war — which, from its commencement to its close, presents a species of epic progress and retributive results seldom found in actual occurrences — have been narrated in a general way by our historians; but all its minor incidents, its local and personal features and characteristics, in which reside its vitality and chief attractiveness, have been suffered to pass unnoticed, and to lapse into perishing tradition. To rescue these in some degree from oblivion, and to preserve them in those hues of poetry to which they seem so eminently adapted, was the object of Mr. MEEK in the poem before us. While he has adhered strictly to historical truth, even in detail, he has so arranged the lights and shadows of his picture as not to mar the grace and beauty, which are the prime objects of all true poetic creation. The character of his hero has greatly aided him in this: 'The love-life of WEATHERFORD, here truthfully narrated; his dauntless gallantry, his marvellous personal adventures and hair-breadth escapes, and, chief of all, his wonderful eloquence, which eventually saved his life, when all other means would have failed, afford as fine a theme for the poet as any in American history. It may be stated that the version given of WEATHERFORD's speech to General JACKSON, after the crushing and conclusive battle of the Horse-Shoe, is as literal as the necessities of verse would permit.'

We commence our extracts with a passage which will at once show what a minute observer and faithful describer of natural scenery is our poet: nor must we omit to note how felicitously the mellifluous aboriginal names of natural objects are introduced:

'FAIR Alabama's forest land,
In its primeval verdure drest,
With waving woods, and rivers grand,
And mountains that like giants stand
To guard its pictured valley's rest!

'FROM morn till eve, that sun has seen
But one unbroken world of green.
From Chattahoochee's yellow wave,
By Tallapoosa's waters clear,
Where Coosa's isle-gemmed currents lave
And young Cahawba's hills uprear;
To where fair Tuscaloosa glides,
And dark Tombecbee pours his tides;
Incessant wilds, o'er hill and plain,
In virgin loveliness remain,
And scenes as fresh and bright display
As ever met the eye of day:
No lovelier land the PROPHET viewed,
When on the sacred mount he stood,
And saw below transcendent shine
The streams and groves of Palestine!

'All through this lordly realm so wide —
This wilderness of woods and flowers,

This paradise of fragrant bowers —
No human home that sun espied,
Save cone-like cabins, 'mid the trees,
Whose bark-roofs totter in the breeze,
And scarcely serve as shelter rude
For their red tenants of the wood.
Northward, amid his mountains free,
The wigwams of the Cherokee;
And southward, by each winding stream
That veins the earth's enamelled breast,
Muscógee's scattered camp-fires gleam —
The tameless Arab of the West!
These only met his morning eye,
Though far the sun flamed in the sky:
But westward, where he now delays,
The white man's home arrests his rays;
The dauntless pioneer who came
From distant lands, these wilds to tame,
And bid, beneath their genial skies,
His farms extend, his domes arise;
By Alabama's lordly tide,
And Tensaw's dark and turbid stream,
Whose mingling waves now gulward
glide,
Through forests vast, in golden pride,
Lit by the day's departing beam!

'Few days ago, the song of peace
Was heard amid these woodland homes,
The sounding axe smote forest-trees,
And upward sprang new rustic domes.
Blue, through the groves, the morning
smoke
Curled gently toward the placid sky,
And merry laugh, and shout, and joke,
From busy fields, swept frequent by.
Along the stream the light bark bore
Young Commerce to the opening shore,
And rosy children strolled away,
With bees and birds, through wood-lands
gay.
But now another scene is there!

The field is tenantless and bare;
The song is hushed, the hearth-fire out,
Silent the boatman's frolic shout;
Wild terror hovers o'er the scene,
Where lately all was so serene:
For hark! the Indian's fierce war-cry
Hath pealed along that forest sky,
And all, before the dread report—
The startled sire and trembling maid—
For safety, to yon sheltering Fort,
From leagues around, have wildly fled;
And now, while all the West in radiance
swims,
The sun's last glory lingers on Fort
Mimms!

We commend to the attention of our metropolitan musical composers the sweet and graceful love-song, commencing:

'THE blue-bird is whistling in Hillibee grove,
Terra-re! — terra-re!

It almost *sings itself* from the printed page. But we must pass to another and a different theme—the tragedy of Fort Mimms. And we ask the reader to remark the vivid *action* which characterizes the entire sketch:

'THE sun is shining brightly
Above Fort Mimms, this morn;
All hearts are beating lightly,
For they have heard, with scorn,
Old BEAZELY's solemn warning,
And his daughter's foolish tale:
'Bright smiles the rosy morning—
Why should the cheek be pale?'
So he, at least, who bore command,
In reckless mood addressed his band—
A soldier old, of well-earned fame,
But maudlin now, and flushed in game:
'If aught the impious foe designed,
We should not know his secret mind.
He thinks—presumptuous hawk! — to
scare
Our dove-cotes, for his gibe and sneer!
Weak tremblers, no! — close not the gate:
With open doors his steps we'll wait.'

'Scarce had his lips the taunting spoke,
When on his ear the war-whoop broke,
Shrill as the cry of 'Fire!' by night.
A rifle-shot! — and now another!
And now a hundred rifles ring.
The sire and son, the maid and mother,
With wild confusion and affright,
From tent and bench and hassock
spring.

'To arms! to arms!' old BEAZELY cries:
'To arms! to arms!' each lip replies.
'Close, close the gate!' — but ah! too late—
The wily foe is at the gate.
With dreadful rush, and shout, and yell,
The combat thickens there:
The Pioneers support it well,
And soon the savages repel,
But many a valiant spirit falls,
Before the gate swings clear,
And by old BEAZELY's arm is closed —
So fiercely, bloodily opposed!

'But now, with terrible report,
The savage rifles, round the Fort,
From every quarter ring;
Death struggles in on leaden wing,
A thousand warriors swell the cry—
The Indian's battle-melody—
And rush to scale the walls.
The inmates to the port-holes fly,
And pour their whole resistance out.
The foe recoils a moment back;
But louder swells the onset shout,
And now, amid the battle-rack,
An Indian warrior is seen,
With hunting-shirt of brightest green,
And crimson plume above his head,
Cheering the tawny warriors on;
'Remember, chieftains, wild BURN'T CORN!
One rush — the palisades they gain—
But many a warrior lies dead
Beneath the battle-rain!

'Now rings below the fearful axe—
They cut the palisades away!
And arrows, lit with flaming flax,
Upon the house-tops play!
The Pioneers their fire relax,
And hark! gives way the palisade:
A chasm through the wall is made,
And inward rush the frantic foes,
With shout and yell,
That heavenward rose,
Like merriment of fiends in hell!

'Ah! then a deadlier strife began!
With gun to gun, and man to man,
They grapple in terrific close.
The rifles clubbed are snapped in twain,
And skulls are cleft beneath their blows:
The war-club falls with plunging sound:
The tomahawk and scalping-knife
Hew down the woodman and his wife:
The infant's brains are scattered round!

'Brave, brave they fought, those forest men, With overwhelming numbers then ! Not manlier, in his mountain-pass, Withstood the foe, LEONIDAS! Nor NELSON, on his slippery deck, Amid the battle's storm and wreck! —	And feebler woman, nerved by fear, In the dread combat bore her share, With frantic hope to save her child From this red HEROD of the wild! But all in vain his strength and hers, No mercy know the murderers!'
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Is not that a stirring picture? — and said we not well that Mr. MEEK was an admirable descriptive poet? The foregoing pleased us so well that it irked us to see on the very next page so forced a line as :

'WHERE *yester* dwelt manhood, and beauty, and grace.'

'Yester' is a 'vile phrase' as a substitute for yesterday. But let that pass. There is retribution at hand for the murderers of Fort Mimms :

'RINGS through the woods of Tennessee,
 Rings over Georgian hills, that cry,
 Down Mississippi to the sea,
 And thousands to their standards fly.
 Brave armies form, and leaders bold
 Pour their dark squadrons through the wold.
 From swarming north, and east and west,
 Muscōgee's borders they invest.
 O'er Chattahoochee's silvery stream,
 The arms of FLOYD and PINCKNEY beam;
 By dark Tombechee, CLAIBORNE comes,
 Frightening the echoes with his drums;
 And, from the North, a bolder yet

Spurs through the forest; bayonet
 And sword and flag the distance fill,
 Long-gleaming over Coosa's hill!
 Brave JACKSON leads his warriors down
 By Indian hunting-range and town,
 And from their ranks the cry is heard:
 'Revenge! revenge on WEATHERFORD!
 No mercy shall the murderers know,
 Who crushed Fort Mimms with treacherous blow.'

As a sententious sketch of the horrors of border warfare, and the progress of 'the Avenging Hand,' we cannot resist the inclination to quote the following, albeit our 'inner sense' of a lack of space cries 'Hold!' though not 'Enough!'

'Ah! demon WAR! — what scenes of woe
 Rise ever in thy fearful path!
 The green land reddens 'neath thy blow,
 And wilts before thy fiery wrath.
 The orphan's tears, the widow's wail,
 The father's curse denote thy way;
 The plundered town, the smoking vale,
 The white bones bleaching in the day.
 They call thee glorious! — yet thy plumes,
 Nod as they may, are bathed in blood;
 Thy splendor human hope consumes;
 Thy field of fame, death's solitude!
 And though full well deserved the doom
 On Alabama's children brought,
 Yet who but weeps the woe and gloom,
 Demon! thy twenty battles wrought!

'Through all those fierce and bloody fields,
 One arm terrific vengeance wields;
 He guides the conquerors through the wood,
 To each inviolate solitude;
 Applies the torch with readiest hand,
 To every wigwam in the land;
 Aye foremost in the hottest strife,
 He riots in the loss of life;
 Before his blows the stoutest fall,
 No foe escapes his rifle ball;
 His red eyes gleam with fiendish fire,
 His wrinkled cheeks are pale with ire.
 'Ah! yes,' he cries, 'they long shall rue
 The hellish deed they dared to do,
 And in their graves remember well
 The music of the WHITE WOLF's yell!'

'One touch of NATURE makes the whole world kin,' says the poet. We have no fear, therefore, that the following pen-painting will be lost upon any reader:

'For many a league the broad slopes sweep away,
 O'erhung with groves of hickory, beech, and bay;
 All forest trees that mark the generous soil,
 The gnarled white-oak, and the large vine's coil;
 The sugar-maple and the tulip high,
 Lift their huge branches to the favoring sky.
 When Spring comes smiling over hill and dale,
 What light and fragrance in these woods prevail;
 Then all his banners of far-flushing green,
 O'er every forest monarch's tent are seen.
 The graceful dogwood waves his crown of flowers,
 Diffusing snow-stars through the vistaed bowers.
 The tasseled chinkapin perfumes the hill;
 The luscious honeysuckles, by the rill,
 Faint with a sweetness which by far excels
 All the rich odors of Cathayan dells.
 And oh! what minstrelsy of bee and bird,
 Throughout the greenful paradise is heard!
*The mock-bird, swinging on the locust limb,
 Pours down the forest a perpetual hymn:
 The whistling partridge in the meadow grass,
 The amorous wild-duck on her swaying glass,
 The chattering blue-jay, and the pine-perched crow,
 And screaming river-crane, with wing of snow,
 Their motley voices through the green aisles fling,
 And keep the anthems of orchestral Spring!*
 'Tis Winter now: but still the land displays
 O'er hill and slope and dell its peerless grace.
 Well had the Red Man chosen here a seat
 For ever sacred from intruders' feet.
*Here through the trees his scattered wigwams rise,
 The blue smoke rippling slowly to the skies:*
 Around each door the naked children play;
 The squaws are at their labor all the day;
*And through the vistas on the stream you view
 The patient fisher in his still canoe.*
 These clustered cabins form a village group,
 Where sounds discordantly the drunken whoop;
 In yonder open space, with circuit wide,
 Behold the Council-House, in bark-built pride;
 Where savage statesmen hold their Congress rude,
 And gravely cogitate 'the nation's good!
 Here too the Prophets of the Simple Race
 Keep in these druid groves their dwelling-place.
 Rude their religion: yet they deem that death
 Brings to the warrior immortal breath,

And that his spirit, in the Sunset Groves,
By clearer streams and greener prairies roves,
Where, ever bounding with his silver horns,
The white deer glistens through the grassy lawns;
The screaming eagle, with his prismic plumes,
The forest mountain's solitude illumines;
And timorous turkey and impassive bear,
Await the shadowy braves and hunters there.'

Enough: our object has been, in this too hasty notice, to convey to the reader our instant impressions of this poem upon its first perusal. Many there are who deem an aboriginal panorama like that which this volume unrolls before us, as more 'savage' than real. Not so: we *know* how true it is in its *outward* details, and its historical accuracy there is no reason to doubt. The volume is excellently printed, and is appropriately dedicated to WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, Esq., of South-Carolina.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD. By MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, Author of 'Fashion and Famine, Etc. In one volume: pp. 468. New-York: BUNCE AND BROTHER, Ann-street.

MRS. STEPHENS, in the work under notice, has certainly greatly improved upon her 'Fashion and Famine.' There were scenes of power in that book; but as a whole, the *workmanship* was too apparent. The contrasts were too melo-dramatically violent, and not a little of its feeling seemed to be 'pumped up' for the occasion. Not so with the work before us. It is simply written, and the incidents have an air of *vraisemblance* which wins at once upon the interest of the reader. The scene of the work is mainly laid in our own Empire City, but is embellished by descriptions of European travel, and ends in the mountain region in the neighborhood of the Kaätskills. The story, to adopt the language of a contemporary, 'turns upon the fortunes of two orphan girls, who pass through the fiery furnace of affliction, in childhood, and have subsequently to undergo that more difficult ordeal of life which commences so soon as a sense of dependence is felt to be irksome. The stumbling-block to the one is her personal beauty: to the other, in some respects, her want of it. In the latter, however, the beauty of holiness is unobtrusively but most forcibly exemplified. Together with these, we have a wily chief-magistrate of New-York, all things to all men; close, cozzening, and devoid of all manhood; his wife, a weak and frivolous woman of fashion, not over-done in the drawing; a judge, kindly and genial, with some knowledge of human nature, well thrown in, but somewhat unmanageable by the author, who drops him too suddenly and for too long a period; a mild reflex of My UNCLE TOBY; an elderly spinster, in whom disappointed affections, and remorse for a wrong committed by herself, have soured and hardened a naturally loving disposition; a youthful hero, generous and impulsive, but nothing more; towns-folk and country-folk, not a few; all or nearly all marked with distinctness, and all or nearly all having the stamp of vitality

upon them. We are not perhaps struck by an air of originality in these personages: but they are grouped with exceeding skill, and have many a touch of individuality about them, quite sufficient to endue them with requisite freshness. But it is rather in composing than in inventing that Mrs. STEPHENS shows herself a writer of unusual force. You take up this volume for the sake of the entertainment that its pleasant title suggests. You find, with slight exceptions, that one-half of it at least carries you into scenes the most repulsive, a report of which, in a daily newspaper, it is ten to one that you would skip. But there's no skipping this lady's descriptions, unless indeed you be very indolent, or possessed with the rose-water nerves that shrink from every thing painful. This enforcement of the unwilling and unpleased attention is not a common gift. It is power of a high order, and Mrs. STEPHENS has much of it. Beside this, there is in her an apparently honest indignation at wrong, as well as a quick recognition of the beautiful and the right. She likes and dislikes heartily, and makes you share her sympathies, while she awakens your emotions. Add to this a clear and comprehensive style, and the skill to weave the webs of a story so that they cannot easily be dropped, and you have an author whom we are now the more ready to commend to public approval, because we spoke of her with some reservation a while ago.'

SCENES IN THE PRACTICE OF A NEW-YORK SURGEON. By EDWARD H. DIXON, M.D. Illustrated by DARLEY. In one volume: pp. 420. New-York: DE WITT AND DAVENPORT, 'Tribune' Buildings.

DR. DIXON has made himself well known, at least to the medical public, by his editorship of '*The Scalpel*' medical and surgical journal, in which, with great plainness of speech, he has 'cried aloud and spared not,' whether a professional friend or foe stood in his way. In the matter of 'calling a spade a spade,' the DOCTOR can hardly be termed a conservative. It has never been charged against him, by any of his professional brethren, that his 'utterances' have been at all difficult to understand. But the DOCTOR's medical and surgical journal aside, *here* is matter which must necessarily appeal to a wider circle of readers. We cannot help thinking that Dr. WARREN's now celebrated work, the '*Diary of a London Physician*,' must have suggested to Dr. DIXON at least the plan or scope of the volume before us: they certainly have many features in common; nor are they of less interest—the very contrary, we think—that they are actual occurrences in every-day life, such as happen, or *may* happen, every day, in a great metropolis like ours. Our author describes what he has himself seen in the luxurious homes of the opulent, and at the bed-sides of the poor and needy: for to his honor be it said, he has the enviable reputation of being a benefactor and a friend to 'those who have none to help them.' Several plain, well-written articles on 'Health' close this attractive volume.

THE PROGRESS OF RELIGIOUS IDEAS, THROUGH SUCCESSIVE AGES. By L. MARIA CHILD. In three volumes: pp. 1848. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY; London: S. LOW, SON AND COMPANY.

WE had missed Mrs. CHILD for a long season from the literary field, and these three capacious volumes well explain the reason. The wonderful research and deep thought which they embody must have been the labor of many years; nor has the style in which they are written, simple and natural as it is, been achieved without the watchful care and attention which it so well repays. Mrs. CHILD avows her object in writing the work to have been 'to show that *theology* is not *religion*.' She desired to 'help to break down partition-walls; to ameliorate what the eloquent BUSHNELL calls the 'baptized hatreds of the human race.' She has given a concise and comprehensive account of religions, extending from the most ancient Hindoo records, to the complete establishment of the Catholic Church. She has treated all religions with reverence, and shown no more favor to one than to another: exhibiting each one in the light of its own Sacred Books; and in giving quotations, she claims in every case to have impartially presented the beauties and the blemishes. She adds: 'I have honestly tried never to exaggerate merits, or conceal defects. I have not declared that any system was true, or that any one was false. I have even avoided the use of the word 'heathen;' for although harmless in its original signification, it is used in a way that implies condescension or contempt; and such a tone is inconsistent with the perfect impartiality I have wished to observe. I have tried to place each form of worship in its own light; that is, as it appeared to those who sincerely believed it to be of divine origin. The process has been exceedingly interesting; for the history of the religious sentiment, struggling through theological images, furnishes the most curious chapter in the strange history of mankind.' We believe the work to have been written with the utmost care and candor. The author has sought out facts diligently, and stated them plainly, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions, uninfluenced by any suggestions from herself. She contented herself with 'patiently digging out information from books old and new, and presenting it with all the clearness and honesty of which she was capable;' trampling under her feet, meantime, 'the theological under-brush which always tangles and obstructs the path, when the soul strives to be guided only by the mild, bright star of religious sentiment.'

One thing we think we can foresee, without mounting a pair of prophetic spectacles; and that is, that these volumes will not be over-warmly welcomed by theologians, as a class, of whatever persuasion or denomination they may be. Our author herself says: 'I apprehend that many good and conscientious people will consider it a great risk to treat religious history in the manner I have done. If I could have avoided giving them pain, and at the same time have written with complete impartiality, I would most gladly have done so. For myself, I have firm faith that plain statements of truth can never eventually prove injurious on *any* subject. MILTON has expressed

this conviction with rare eloquence: Though all the winds of doctrine be let loose to play upon the earth, so TRUTH be in the field, we do injuriously to doubt her strength. Let her and FALSEHOOD grapple. Whoever knew TRUTH put to the worse by a free and open encounter?' In the concluding chapter of the work is a vigorous defence of the Jews, which will elicit general approval from the 'ancient covenant people.' It opens thus: 'As a general thing, Christians have manifested very little kindness or candor in their estimate of other religions; but the greatest blot on their history is their treatment of the Jews. This is the more singular, because we have so much in common with them. We worship the same God, under the same name; we reverence their Scriptures; we make pilgrimages to their Holy City. CHRIST and his MOTHER, and his APOSTLES, were Jews.' As to the crucifixion, 'it was the fault of very few of the people. It was not the benevolent and holy JESUS, consecrated to *our* hearts, whom *they* rejected. The Christian Fathers themselves admit that the Jews were not *aware* of persecuting the SON of God, because both CHRIST and his Apostles sedulously *concealed* his divinity.' But after all that may be said or written, by Mrs. CHILD or any body else, the prejudice against the Jews will continue. They *did* crucify the SON of God. And every child, of Christian parents, or with a Christian education, will never cease to forget it. Often have we heard a Jewish child in our city sneered at by other urchins as a 'little CHRIST-killer.' Wrong and cruel as this certainly is, it is yet a 'close denotement' of a feeling that TIME has not been able, nor will not suffice, to root out. With no personal prejudice against Jews, as a class—for many most noble, benevolent men have we known among them; such men, for example, as the late Major NOAH—we still appreciate the feeling with which they are regarded by most children, even from their earliest years. The services of the sanctuary, and private home-teachings, all have inculcated the same sentiment. Never shall we forget hearing, when a boy, the Rev. D. C. LANSING read a hymn, of which the two ensuing verses formed a part. The tears were in his eloquent eyes, as he turned over his psalm-book upon its face on the pulpit-cushion, leaned affectionately over the desk, and repeated the lines:

'But knotty whips, and jagged thorns,
In vain do I accuse:
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful Jews:

'T was *you*, my *sins*, my cruel SINS,
His chief tormentors were:
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief, the spear!'

How vivid is the memory of that sunny summer morning in the country, when that hymn took root in our boyish heart! Is it strange, then, that children should remember 'the spiteful Jews?' The volumes before us are well printed; and they are destined, we think, to create a marked sensation in the religious world.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. In one volume: pp. 316. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

If our readers are desirous of seeing how much exquisite melody there may be in poetry, without the aid of rhyme, we counsel them to secure at once the volume before us, and read it attentively, as in its kind a masterpiece of the divine art. Especially note, also, with what wonderful distinctness Mr. LONGFELLOW has drawn the various pictures of nature which are interspersed throughout his poem. Some of these we have ventured to italicise in the extracts which ensue; not that they require it, but to express our preëminent admiration of the limning. One of our most capable critics remarks, that Mr. LONGFELLOW has ventured upon a dangerous experiment in attempting to throw the charms of curious versification and romantic imagery around the wild and superstitious legends of savage life. HIAWATHA is the name of a celebrated personage in Indian tradition. Possessing miraculous endowments, he was sent to instruct the forest-tribes in the arts of peace. His simple history presents several incidents that appeal to the imagination, and have already suggested favorite themes for poetical embellishments. Mr. LONGFELLOW has aimed to embody these traditions in a connected narrative, interweaving with them various other remains of legendary lore, and adorning the story with numerous descriptions of the sylvan landscape. The subjoined is from the opening of the poem:

'In the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant water-courses,
Dwelt the singer NAWADAHA.
Round about the Indian village
Spread the meadows and the corn-fields,
And beyond them stood the forest,
*Stood the groves of singing pine-trees,
Green in summer, white in winter,
Ever sighing ever singing.*

'And the pleasant water-courses,
You could trace them through the valley,
*By the rushing in the spring-time,
By the alders in the summer,
By the white fog in the autumn,
By the black line in the winter;*
And beside them dwelt the singer,
In the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley.

'There he sang of HIAWATHA,
Sang the Song of HIAWATHA,
Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he prayed and how he fasted,
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people!

'Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
*Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine-trees,*

*And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their aeries;*
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this Song of HIAWATHA!

'Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off,
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and child-like,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken;
Listen to this Indian Legend,
To this Song of HIAWATHA!

'Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened;
Listen to this simple story,
To this Song of HIAWATHA!

'Ye who sometimes in your rambles
Through the green lanes of the country,
Where the tangled barberry-bushes
Hang their tufts of crimson berries
Over stone walls gray with mosses,

Pause by some neglected grave-yard
For awhile to muse, and ponder
On a half-effaced inscription,
Written with little skill of song-craft,
Homely phrases, but each letter

Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter;
Stay and read this rude inscription,
Read this Song of HIAWATHA!

Observe this beautiful picture of taking a deer in the depth of the forest. The lines we have intensified are an *exact* description of a deer we once encountered in the middle of the east branch of the Calicoon, in Sullivan county, what time our friends C. M. L., and GIDEON Z——, Jr., and ‘ourselves’ were ‘bringing frequently up’ the crimson-spotted trout:

‘AND the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
‘Do not shoot me, HIAWATHA!’

‘But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.

‘Hidden in the alder bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,

Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.

‘Then upon one knee uprising,
HIAWATHA aimed an arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!

‘Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer;
But the heart of HIAWATHA
Throbbled and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward,
And IAGOO and NOKOMIS
Hailed his coming with applause.’

We go early to press, to secure the early transmission of our California edition, and have little time, and less space, to do justice to this beautiful poem. The subjoined must close our extracts for the present. We hope to be able to revert again to the volume. In the mean time, read this description of a famine, which brings desolation upon the home of HIAWATHA:

‘OH! the long and dreary winter!
Oh! the cold and cruel winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o’er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.

‘Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.

‘O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!

O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!

‘All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

‘Into HIAWATHA’S wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy;
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of LAUGHING WATER;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of LAUGHING WATER.

‘And the foremost said: ‘Behold me!
I am Famine, BUKADAWIN!’
And the other said: ‘Behold me!
I am Fever, AHKROSEWIN!’

'And the lovely MINNEHAHA
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.

'Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened HIAWATHA;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face of stony firmness;
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not.

'Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, MINNEKAHWUN,
Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

'GITCHE MANITO, the Mighty!
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish.
'Give your children food, O FATHER!
Give us food, or we must perish!
Give me food for MINNEHAHA,
For my dying MINNEHAHA!'

'Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant,
Rang the cry of desolation;
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
'MINNEHAHA! MINNEHAHA!'

'All day long roved HIAWATHA
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of summer,
Of that ne'er forgotten summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dakotahs;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely LAUGHING WATER
Said with voice that did not tremble,
'I will follow you, my husband!'

'In the wigwam with NOKOMIS,
With these gloomy guests that watched
her,
With the Famine and the Fever
She was lying, the beloved,
She the dying MINNEHAHA.

'Hark!' she said; 'I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance.'
'No, my child,' said old NOKOMIS,
'Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!'

'Look!' she said; 'I see my father
Standing lonely at his door-way,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam,
In the land of the Dakotahs!'
'No, my child,' said old NOKOMIS,
'Tis the smoke that waves and beckons.'

'Ah!' she said, 'The eyes of PAUGUK
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
HIAWATHA! HIAWATHA!'

'And the desolate HIAWATHA,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away amid the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the cry of MINNEHAHA
Calling to him in the darkness,
'HIAWATHA! HIAWATHA!'

'Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried HIAWATHA,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard NOKOMIS moaning, wailing,
'WAHONOMIN! WAHONOMIN!
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
WAHONOMIN! WAHONOMIN!'

'And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old NOKOMIS slowly
Rocking to-and-fro, and moaning,
Saw his lovely MINNEHAHA
Lying dead and cold before him;
And his burning heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

'Then he sat down, still and speechless,
On the bed of MINNEHAHA,
At the feet of LAUGHING WATER,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.

'With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.'

It is scarcely necessary to say, of a work from the press of Messrs. TICKNOR AND FIELDS, that its typographical execution is all that could be desired by the most fastidious reader.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A GLANCE A HUNDRED YEARS AHEAD.—Our friend General MORRIS, of the '*Home Journal*,' has been delving among the old newspapers of England, as far back as 1643, and has quoted from a London '*History of Newspapers*' a very amusing collection of advertisements of that remote period. Suppose we reverse this order, and quote from a London newspaper a *hundred years hence*? We can do it: for there lies on our table a copy of the London *Times* for 'January 6, 1950,' a perfect *fac simile*, in every respect, in type, paper, print, and arrangement, of that world-renowned newspaper. We extract a few of the advertisements: commencing with those which indicate the great advances that are to be made in locomotion. And after all, are these *much* more wonderful than the prediction, a hundred years since, of steam-boats, rail-roads, and the electric telegraph, would have been? 'Onward!' is the great watchword of the age:

FOR BOMBAY DIRECT.—The Original NASSAU BALLOON leaves Vauxhall New Town, (the once royal property,) Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, returning every Thursday, Saturday, and Tuesday. Fares:—Car, an Albert; Bird-cage, a Victoria-and-a-half; on the Wings, Half-an-Albert. The Director of this highly popular and much patronized conveyance, begs to assure the public that he still continues to soar higher than any aerial machinist whatever, performing the whole distance in the quickest possible time and with the least motion. For the safety of his passengers, he hereby warns all persons against flying kites, letting off rockets, or holding umbrellas, at more than one mile from the earth, as it is his intention to drop down upon all offenders. No smoking allowed in the Bird-cage.

RAPID COMMUNICATION WITH INDIA.—The Aerial Ship, the 'Highflyer,' Capt. Bolt, takes wing positively on Monday next, from the Terminus at Old Nelson Column, Trafalgar Square. The 'Highflyer' is a safety ship, but guaranteed by its owners to perform the journey almost as quick as the Mails. For freight or passage, apply to the Captain on board.

EMIGRATION to the ANTIPODES.—For CANDAHAR GULF, and PORT PROSERPINE.—Regular tubes descend through the earth to these celebrated places every Tuesday. These very superior tubes are fitted up expressly for the comfort and accommodation of levellers, with separate mouths for families and married people. There is a library in the leather, and the passage is thoroughly lighted and ventilated. For descent or plunge, apply to R. R. Boreham, Great Tower Street.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL HEREBY GIVES NOTICE, That Tenders will be received for the Supply of Balloons for the conveyance of the Royal

Mails to and from the East-Indies: each of the said balloons to be provided with six parachutes for sending down bags of letters and passengers, severally, at the West-Indian Islands, St. Helena, the Cape of Good Hope, Madagascar, Mauritius Islands, and Ceylon, the final destination being Bombay: and security will be required for the due performance of the voyage to and from the several places, once in every twenty-four hours.

Improvements in locomotion have increased to such a degree, that the horse has become obsolete, and a rare curiosity:

SINGULAR CURIOSITY. — To be seen alive, at 229 New Regent Street, a remarkably fine specimen of that noble animal, the Horse. It is perfectly tame and docile, and is supposed to be the last of that species which formerly drew the cabs, broughams, etc., of the metropolis. As this extraordinary animal will not long remain in London, an early visit is suggested, it being the Proprietor's intention to exhibit the horse in the Provinces. Admission — Front Seats, 2s. Back ditto, 1s. Visitors are allowed to mount, as a real saddle has been borrowed for the occasion, from the British Museum.

It might have been hoped that a hundred years would have made a great difference between the kind of treatment that governesses now receive in London, and that which *ought* to 'obtain' at a more enlightened and liberal period. But it would seem that 'progress' in this respect must still be 'behind the age,' no matter how distant:

WANTED, AN ACCOMPLISHED INSTRUCTRESS, to take the entire charge of the moral, physical, and mental powers of Two Young Ladies, ages nine months and twenty months. She must be competent to instil into the young mind all the fashionable attainments, viz.. Greek, Latin, German, Italian, (French, now vulgar, will not be desirable.) Chinese, and Nepaulese, will be amongst the requisites. It will be absolutely necessary that the applicant be well versed in the classics, metaphysics, gymnastics, acoustics, geometry, astrology, philosophy, mental, natural, and revealed; trigonometry, topography, theology, cosinography, astronomy, etc. Algebra mathematics, with mental arithmetic, according to Cocker. Amongst her accomplishments, she will be required to give instruction on the concertina, kettle-drums, cornet-a-dames, and organ, with vocal accompaniment. Painting in Eau de Cologne, galvanic-electro-steam, and atmospheric high paessure, with all the recent improvements in gutta percha flower making. She must be of an amiable disposition, agreeable manners, and an attractive person. (No one with large feet or red hands need apply.) Direct, Mrs. Forceplant, High-Pressure Terrace, Greenwich. Salary paid in silver, or copper if preferred.

We have thought our own establishment to be somewhat extensive, and our means of multiplying printed sheets by no means limited; but the distant *Times* outstrips us, at least for the present.

It is worthy of remark, and will not fail to be remarked, 'that the *style* of *'The Thunderer,'* especially when speaking of itself, its influence, and its circulation, is imitated to perfection:

'In these days of progress let us sneer at nothing because it is new; we may smile and doubt, but still let us — think! Nearly two centuries have passed since our journal first started into existence; and, during that brief period, we have chronicled changes, and improvements, which have shaken the earth to its very centre. We now print off more than one million copies of the *Times* newspaper per day, and are enabled to effect this great desideratum by means of air-pressure, which has completely superseded the use and power of steam. We now *blow* off fifty times the number of impressions we were formerly enabled to do by the then all-powerful use of steam. But even this is nothing, compared to what we are preparing to effect for our readers in future. Within one little week from the present date we shall despatch our broad-sheet to the remotest corner of the habitable world, within fifteen minutes from the time of its leaving Printing-House-Square. The number of impressions required to be worked for the supply of all the earth, will be, as our readers are aware, almost incalculable; but we have entered into an arrangement for the construction of a cylinder, which is to throw

off 5,000,000 copies per hour. The sceptical may perhaps deem this an exaggerated statement. Let them do so. We say that we are about to achieve this miracle; and what the *Times* promises it always performs. But it may be said that the thing is impossible. The same observation has been made from time to time upon any advance in art or science. Little progress is made without perseverance. The man who invented printing was burned for a wizard; the first *applier* of gas was neglected, and starved on a dunghill; and the first English maker of a steam-packet was treated as a mere visionary, although he happily lived to see his model cross the Atlantic! Again, we say, Readers, smile, if you will, and *doubt*—but think. As sure as the sun rises in the east, and sinks in the west, we will perform what we promise. Every day is suggestive of some important improvement in our present wonderful machinery; and we will not rest upon our oars until we have annihilated both time and space.

By-and-by, 'when a hundred years are gone,' some *then* 'old New-Yorker' may be turning over the leaves of an ancient Magazine known in its day as 'THE KNICKERBOCKER,' and may wonder why any one could ever have doubted that all this should have been true!

INTERESTING AND PEPPERY CORRESPONDENCE. — The following correspondence will speak for itself. It is the first time Mr. PEPPER has lately appeared before the public without the intervention of Mr. Podd. We think we can see that appreciative gentleman's eyes glisten, as he reads the glowing epistle of his revered relative and friend:

'Philadelphia, Nov. 8, 1855.

'DEAR MR. PEPPER: For so your woes have made you to every feeling heart. Your last letter in the KNICK apprises me that you are very near me, even in New-York, and so may hear the whisper that I am going to pop into your ear. Will you be angry? Pray do not; remember 'tis the penalty of genius to attract interest, and forgive me, won't you, when I ask you if you won't write an auto-biography of your dear self for the KNICK? I mean up to the time when you met that 'destroying angel' of your peace, namely, 'HANAH GANE;' and give us a pen-and-ink daguerre of the said angel and of yourself. Now don't be modest — modesty is so *outrè* now-a-days. Why, bless you, no body's modest at all except MODESTY herself. So, darling Mr. PEPPER, give us your life. I'm curious — always was — am sure I always expect to be; and all my sisters are: so are my brothers. But they're more 'cute, and go round and round till, if you're not sharp, you can't tell what they're driving at. Now I know some that forget it themselves. I am not generally 'onhappy' like poor Miss 'TOORY,' for I laugh all day long; and I'm very well pleased with life and things around me; so I'm afraid you'll think I'm unappreciative, but indeed I'm not. I feel very sorry for you: but how funny it was to keep a puff-comb for a *gage d'amour*. I'm sure if *some body* should keep one of mine I'd be vexed. By-the-by, *some body* is so nice, and has the very darlingest moustache. Have you a moustache? I suppose so, for all lions are generally abundant in hair, 'specially about the head. You must not think I don't appreciate you; I am most as sorry as I was the other day when I got the KNICKERBOCKER, and saw that elegant-looking gentleman, Mr. CLARK (I could have kissed him, if he had complied with my request) had not put any of *my* contributions in. Brother HARRY said I *cried*. I don't remember that, but I remember laughing at your letter, with its amusing descriptions of New-York. Oh! I'm wandering from the

point, and I've almost forgotten what that was. Oh! yes, now I know. Please, Mr. PEPPER, give us your auto-biography, just a sketch of it. Pray do; we'll all love you if you do; and if you'll come to Philadelphia, we'll crown you, us girls, poet-laureate, to Miss —, our reigning queen.

'Good-by, dear Mr. PEPPER, and mind you do as I tell you, or dread the vengeance of

SALLIE RHATUHS.'

'New-York, Nov. 20th.

'DERE SALLIE: wot a swete naim youv got, hevent you, purtickeler with the *ie*: that is. wos you naim after 2 your ant? i reli thinc ef mi naim wosent PEPPER ide want it RHATUHS. ov coars you wont never chaing it, even ef youm gest as hansom your oan self, wich i supoge you air.

'wot a lyveli creter you mus be; a-hopin aroun the hous, peraps a-runin out to clim a tre, and a-fitin of roosters. alas, HANAH did al that, onct. wot is her oca-pashun *now*? a-moarnink, a-washink ov dishes, a-maikin ov fאים at her crule faither. it semes as ef the oald fool wos a-goin to liv furever. i wish sumboddy wood convins him that sooisyege wos a morl dooty; or the bes think he cood doe to preven indigeschin wos not to ete eny think fur a fornite — wich i thinc i se him a doink. HANAH ses he etes lyke a norse & drincs lyke a fish — wich wood maik him rayther amfibbis, cus him! but oald WALTERS cant las furever; & thats the prinsipel diferens atwene him, & mine & HANAHS lov. i got a letter frum her the uthter day — wich ef you doant find enclosed in this plese fur to infur that it aint thair.

'O she is swete,
& nete:
She is complete.

(the individooal referd to is HANAH GANE WALTERS.)

'You say you ken fele fur me. wot! a Beink so hapy, & as is perpetooaly a-lafin at sumthink, fele Wo! o yes; *wen the son goas out and furgits to cum bac! wen the man in the moon turns blac into the fairs!* Ketch you a-cryin cos *Nickerbocker* thought hede sene you a-4! want to kis a sertin individooal too wot hes got a wyfe & famili ov infans! cum to looc at him, wot *is* he, eny way? not ha-a-af as good a-lookin feler as i am — not haf. But WO hes maid awfle werc with mi fechers. thaym wers than thay was. wen i was a litel Boy i was Bufile. i kep a-groin hansom daly. i wos so good lookin, a good meny sed as how i didnt no nothink, (wich wos a clym ax, you no, becos you coodent git no furdur without bein ov a As.) but ov coars suferink hes dun its werc. no boddy ken be a troo pote lyke i am without felin bad moren haf the tyme, & hevin ov his you'fle Buty spilet. & then wot shoood up and maik bad wers but the vizzion of HANAH!

'i hevent no dout youve got a pirty warm hart, but ime afrade you cant fele lyke miss TOOTY. se wot Sorrow was in her leter, & wot Gay in yourn! youm a hapy & innocent Parot, and shes a sad mellancoly Oul. sech is the Hewman Hart. who cood a thunk it without a-noink ov the faes?

'As to mustashis, i hevent l; & i doant thinc much ov them as hes. wats a hansom mouth wen its al covered with har? wats har but wanity? Bald Hed is a subgeck wich i doant inclood. its a-caryin ov the goak rayther 2 fur. har is good into its plais. i lyke har wen it aint into the way. sum potes hes lonk har becos no boddy wood taik em fur sech ef thay hedent. Genus, onto the contrary, bobs his.

'i thinc to plese you ile do wot you say about auto. but ime verry bizzy ges now. youll hev to wate til i git moar tyme. mi lyfe hes ben checkerd enuf to

maik apens ov it fur litel Bois. i doant beleve youd ever smil agin after readink the account ov it. peraps i hadent beter be your Distroyin Aingle. be hapy wile you ken, is the wish ov

'the onhapy l, your devotid fren

'K. N. PEPPER.

'n. b. i lyke you, SALLY, and ime plese at the shyne you hev toos to me. ef HANAH shoood onfortinatin up & di, i no youd be mi fren. youd fele *then* fur the broken Hart ov

K. N. P.'

PATIENCE: A SHORT 'DOG'S TALE.' — There is a good moral in the 'tale' of '*The Dog Patience*,' as related below by our versatile and faithful correspondent, 'H. P. L.' We have just been reading it, this very evening, to our beautiful fawn-colored greyhound, the constant companion. His graceful head lies in our lap as we read, and if ever eyes spoke eloquent gratitude, his do at this moment. 'Patience,' he says, in his best 'caninity,' 'did our class a good turn in your number. We are '*not* mad,' half the time, when we are murdered in cold but in '*hot* blood,' for a disease which only a supposition there, and a corresponding treatment, could create. They have no bow-*ties*.' — Here 'TURK' (a 'salvage' name for the gentlest and most affectionate dumb creature that ever lived) was slightly troubled in his speech, but presently continued — 'no bow-*ties* of compassion for a poor, harried, worried dog, who is only ill and suffering!' Here 'TURK's' emotion overcame him: he lifted up his head, turned around, and finding the 'eitest way' and place to lie down upon the hearth-rug, he 'sought repose' before the cheerful grate:

'GET out, you cur!'

'It was a wet November night: tired out after a long walk, I was scraping my boots, preparatory to mounting the marble door-steps — those Sisyphus stones for Philadelphia servants, eternally rolled and rubbed — when casting my eyes to the top step, there I saw *couchant* a poor, miserable, houseless, outcast of a dog.

'Get out, you cur!' This time I said it, shouted it out energetically, and waved my umbrella over his head as an intimidator. He never moved, but broke out into a

'*Whoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-oo-uu!*' that sounded, as it drew to a close, like a long wail over a dissipated life, sung, however, by a middle-aged gentleman whose lungs were yet strong as leather. I believe that cur — if there's any thing in metempsychosis — had the soul of a defunct house-carpenter inhabiting him, for he had chosen his lying-down spot, now changed into a sitting-up position, right under the front-door handle, and had I used the dead-latch key, he would instantly have darted into the house. The gas-light from the street-lamp shone directly on him, and as I raised my umbrella for the second time to give him a 'whack,' he turned his head side-ways, and looked at me in such a human, comical manner, that my wrath gave way. 'Poo-oor fel-low!' I said this in a soothing voice, thinking, 'I'll give him kind words, if he can't get bones.' They acted like magic. From a sitting-up-on-end, loafer-in-a-bar-room position, he jumped into four-legged life. What a figure! He looked like one of those long, low foot-stools you find in church-pews, set in motion by a galvanic battery. In a spirit of waggery, some

brother loafer had tied round his neck a couple of old window-blind tassels, which hung like cow-bells, and at every motion of his body swung responsive to his movements. I burst out into a roar of laughter. He jumped round frantically with about as much grace in his movements as a playful cow might show, stopping every now and then to turn his head up side-ways, and witness the effect his dancing produced on 'the man with the umbrella, who told him to get out!'

'I opened the front-door. Contrary to my expectations, he made no rush or scramble to get in first. He stood out on the step with his head cocked side-ways, looking up in my eyes, the big tassels waving in time to the wagging of his tail.

'Come in, PATIENCE!' said I, and in he came. As I opened the vestibule door, he required a second invitation, looking for all the world like a bashful Irishman(?) on whom I was about to bestow an old suit of clothes, and as he followed me through the entry, and I saw him as it were counting his steps, I felt sure he held in one of his fore-paws an invisible hat.

'DOROTHY!' said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, 'give this dog a good washing, something to eat, and then bring him up stairs.' And turning round to my friend, I said to him: 'Go in, PATIENCE.' In he went. As I closed the door after him, and walked up stairs, I could hear the peals of laughter that greeted his appearance. It's a good thing, thought I, to bring sun-light into a house, 'specially of a stormy November night; for what is joy, laughter, good-natured gayety but the very best kind of sun-light — that of the heart?

'That evening, as we all sat reading, sewing, chatting round the table, the parlor-door opened, and in walked PATIENCE. With a keen appreciation of the ludicrous, DOROTHY, in washing the dog, had washed the tassels; for she knew the one could n't be separated from the other, and thus he entered with them re-hung about his neck, and an extra sparkle in his eye, resulting from a good supper.

'Oh! *what* a looking dog!' exclaimed KATE, and then burst into a hearty, ringing laugh, joined by MARTHA, SALLY, and cousin DICK in full chorus. 'Where *did* you get him?'

'He's built like a crocodile!' said DICK.

'He's only one story high!' said KATE.

'A perfect picture!' said MARTHA.

'And cord and tassels to hang him with!' chimed in DICK.

'He's my friend,' said I, 'and his name is PATIENCE.' Whereupon I waved my hand over his head with great delight, as he stood there modestly waiting a recognition. At the wave of my hand, he stood up on his hind legs, walked forward a few steps, rolled his head around, and stood like a sentry on guard. This unexpected performance filled my heart with joy. Louder laughed the merry party. I grew bold, adventurous. I stooped down, held out my arm, and said: 'Jump, PATIENCE!' Over he went! I threw down my handkerchief: he picked it up and brought it to me.

'He's a perfect treasure!' said KATE: 'make him talk, now!'

'Could n't think of it,' I answered: 'not words but deeds with him.' And as PATIENCE lay down at my feet, and watched me with his large eyes, I told them all, the way I found him. Then were we all glad that the outcast had found a home, and smiling faces were turned on poor PATIENCE, as he lay at my feet and wagged his tail.

'Are there no other outcasts standing at night out over the thresholds of our hearts: and if we take them in and treat them kindly, will they not gladden us?'

THE MURDERERS OF RICHARD DOWNIE.—Reader!—do *you* know '*Who Murdered Richard Downie?*' It is a fearful question to answer: but *some* say it *MUST* be answered: not by *one* of the guilty parties merely, but by *all* of them. The story is entirely authentic, and recorded in the archives of the Scottish seat of learning mentioned below:

'ABOUT the end of the eighteenth century, whenever any student of the Marischal College, Aberdeen, Scotland, incurred the displeasure of the humbler citizens, he was assailed with the question, '*Who murdered Downie?*' Reply and rejoinder generally brought on a collision between '*Town and Gown,*' although the young gentlemen were accused of what was chronologically impossible. People have a right to be angry at being stigmatized as murderers, when their accusers have probability on their side; but the '*taking off*' of DOWNIE occurred when the gowmsmen, so maligned, were in swaddling-clothes.

'But there was a time when to be branded as an accomplice in the slaughter of RICHARD DOWNIE, made his blood run to the cheek of many a youth, and sent him home to his books, thoughtful and subdued.

'DOWNIE was sacrist or janitor at Marischal College. One of his duties consisted in securing the gate by a certain hour, previous to which all the students had to assemble in the common hall, where a Latin prayer was delivered by the principal. Whether in discharging this function, DOWNIE was more rigid than his predecessor in office, or whether he became stricter in the performance of it at one time than another, cannot now be ascertained; but there can be no doubt that he closed the gate with austere punctuality, and that those who were not in the common hall within a minute of the prescribed time were shut out, and were afterward reprimanded and fined by the principal and professors. The students became irritated at this strictness, and took every petty means of annoying the sacrist; he, in his turn, applied the screw at other points of academic routine, and a fierce war soon began to rage between the collegians and the humble functionary. DOWNIE took care that in all his proceedings he kept within the strict letter of the law; but his opponents were not so careful, and the decisions of the rulers were uniformly against them, and in favor of DOWNIE. Reprimands and fines having failed in producing due subordination, rustication, suspension, and even the extreme sentence of expulsion had to be put in force; and, in the end, law and order prevailed. But a secret and deadly grudge continued to be entertained against DOWNIE. Various schemes of revenge were thought of.

'DOWNIE was, in common with the teachers and the taught, enjoying the leisure of the short New-Year's vacation: the pleasure being no doubt greatly enhanced by the annoyances to which he had been subjected during the recent bickerings: when, as he was one evening seated with his family in his official residence at the gate, a messenger informed him that a gentleman at a neighboring hotel wished to speak with him. DOWNIE obeyed the summons, and was ushered from one room into another, till at length he found himself in a large apartment hung with black, and lighted by a solitary candle. After waiting for some time in this strange place, about fifty figures, also dressed in black, *and with black masks on their faces*, presented themselves. They arranged themselves in the form of a court; and DOWNIE was given to understand that he was about to be put upon his trial.

'A judge took his seat on the bench: a clerk and public prosecutor sat below: a jury was empanelled: and witnesses and spectators stood around. DOWNIE at first set down the whole affair as a joke: but the proceedings were conducted with such persistent gravity, that, in spite of himself, he began to believe in the genuine mission of the awful tribunal. The clerk read an indictment, charging him with conspiring against

the liberties of the students: witnesses were examined in due form: the public prosecutor addressed the jury; and the judge summed up.

"Gentlemen," said DOWNIE, 'the joke has been carried far enough: it is getting late: and my wife and family will be anxious about me. If I have been too strict with you in time past, I am sorry for it; and I assure you I will take more care in future.'

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, without paying the slightest attention to this appeal, 'consider your verdict: if you wish to retire, do so.'

The jury retired. During their absence the most profound silence was observed: and except renewing the solitary candle that burnt beside the judge, there was not the slightest movement.

The jury returned and recorded a verdict of 'GUILTY!'

The judge solemnly assumed a large black cap, and addressed the prisoner:

"RICHARD DOWNIE! The jury have unanimously found you guilty of conspiring against the just liberty and immunities of the students of Marischal College. You have wantonly provoked and insulted those inoffensive lieges for some months, and your punishment will assuredly be condign. You must prepare for death! In fifteen minutes the sentence of the court will be carried into effect.'

The judge placed his watch on the bench. A block, an axe, and a bag of saw-dust were brought into the centre of the room. A figure more terrible than any that had yet appeared, came forward, and prepared to act the part of doomster.

It was now past midnight. There was no sound audible save the ominous ticking of the judge's watch. DOWNIE became more and more alarmed.

"For God's sake! gentlemen," said the terrified man, 'let me go home. I promise that you never again shall have cause for complaint.'

"RICHARD DOWNIE," remarked the judge, 'you are vainly wasting the few moments that are left you on earth. You are in the hands of those who demand your life. No human power can save you. Attempt to utter one cry, you are seized, and your doom is completed before you can utter another! Every one here present has sworn a solemn oath never to reveal the proceedings of this night: they are known to none but ourselves; and when the object for which we have met is accomplished, we shall disperse, unknown to any one. Prepare, then, for death: other five minutes will be allowed you — but no more!'

The unfortunate man, in an agony of deadly terror, raved and shrieked for mercy: but the avengers paid no heed to his cries. His fevered, trembling lips then moved as if in silent prayer: for he felt that the brief space between him and eternity was but a few more tickings of that ominous watch.

"Now!" exclaimed the judge.

Four persons stepped forward and seized DOWNIE, on whose features a cold, clammy sweat had burst forth. They bared his neck, and made him kneel before the block.

"Strike!" exclaimed the judge.

The executioner struck the axe on the floor: an assistant on the opposite side lifted at the same moment a wet towel, and struck it violently across the neck of the recumbent criminal. A loud laugh announced that the joke had at last come to an end.

But DOWNIE responded not to the uproarious merriment.

They laughed again: but still he moved not. They lifted him, and DOWNIE was dead!

Fright had killed him as effectually as if the axe of a real headsman had severed his head from his body.

It was a tragedy to all. The medical students tried to open a vein, but all was over; and the conspirators had now to bethink *themselves* of safety. They now *in reality* swore an oath among themselves: and the affrighted young men, carrying their disguises with them, left the body of DOWNIE lying in the hotel.

One of their number told the landlord that their entertainment was not yet quite over, and that they did not wish the individual who was left in the room to be disturbed for some hours. This was to give them all time to escape.

'Next morning, the body was found. Judicial inquiry was instituted, but no satisfactory result could be arrived at. The corpse of poor DOWNIE exhibited no marks of violence internal or external. The ill-will between him and the students was known: it was also known that the students had hired apartments in the hotel for a theatrical representation: DOWNIE had been sent for by them: but beyond this, nothing was known. No noise had been heard, and no proof of murder could be adduced. Of two hundred students of the college, *who* could point out the guilty or suspected fifty? Moreover, the students scattered over the city, and *the magistrates themselves* had many of their own families among the number, and it was not *desirable* to go into the affair too minutely.

'DOWNIE's widow and family were provided for, and his slaughter remained a mystery: until about fifteen years after its occurrence, a gentleman on his death-bed disclosed the whole particulars, and avowed himself to have belonged to the obnoxious class of students who murdered DOWNIE.'

We have reason to doubt the last part of this closing paragraph. We are assured, on the *best* authority, that, *so far as is known in America*, there is but one person who is really cognizant of the facts in the case: and that man is — *our Informant*.

PRESENTATION OF PLATE TO MR. JAMES GRANT. — We are right well pleased to observe, that our old friend and fellow-townsmen, Mr. JAMES GRANT, now of San-Francisco, and late Recorder of that great and growing city, has had a costly service of silver plate, of six massive pieces, presented to him, on behalf of his friends and admirers. In making the presentation, Mr. WAINWRIGHT, who had been deputed to address Mr. GRANT, among other equally well-deserved words of honor, remarked as follows:

'SIR: This testimonial should satisfy you that although you are now no more the Recorder of the county, your faithful performance of the duties of the office held by you, is fully appreciated by the public. I am not invited here to eulogize you, or I might refer to your many public acts since you have been a resident of this city, all of which I, in common with the whole community, knew were performed with an eye single to the public interest; therefore, I will leave that untouched.

'In a community in which so much has been charged (at least) against public officers, it should be to you a source of gratification to know that toward *you* the finger of suspicion has never been pointed — that you leave your office with clean hands and an approving conscience. What can be more pleasing to any one than to know that he has not only done his duty, but that those from whom he received his position, acknowledge it?

'Then, my dear Sir, receive from your friends this memento of their regard for you, and when, after many years, you may look upon it, think and be satisfied that your worth and that alone procured it for you.'

In a brief reply, Mr. GRANT, who was doubtless more accustomed to public action than to public speaking, said, with equal modesty and good taste:

'MR. WAINWRIGHT AND GENTLEMEN: To say that I am taken by surprise by this token of your esteem and indorsement of my course as a public officer, you know is the truth, as I knew nothing of your intention until this moment.

'The consequence is, that I am much embarrassed, and know not what properly to say in reply: but I thank you, gentlemen, and shall, to the latest day of my life, cherish this memento of your esteem, as the most valuable of my possessions.'

Mr. GRANT was one among the earliest of our townsmen who left the Great Metropolis for the 'Land of Gold': and it will gratify his numerous friends to learn that he has, in seven years, amassed an ample fortune.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Now it is December! How soon has the last month of another year come upon us again! 'TIME! thou relentless mower of Earth's withered flowers; thou that extinguishest, unsparing and un pitying, alike the pale blue violets that peep out in early spring from among ephemeral snow-banks, like soft blue eyes from beneath the white brow of Woman; the tender apple-blossoms that render the breath of May a fragrance; the blushing roses that make the path of June a triumph; and the unnumbered flowers that Summer receives from the warm embraces of the Sun — now hast thou come to gather, in the resistless sweep of thy scythe, thy last pale victims; the sere and yellow leaf — the unfragrant, withered grass — the fallow, sickly flower — *all* that remains of Earth's departed glory — to entwine in thy wreath of triumph! December is the stern minister of wrath in Time's duodecimal cabinet. *He* it is that holdeth in his hand the fierce winds that engulf argosies and navies. He it is that walketh over the plains, shaking from his white beard the blighting frost, and stretching forth his hand to enchain the mighty rivers. The enduring year, that had seen his spring flowers, his summer glories, and his autumn treasures, fade, decay, and waste away before Time's other instruments of destruction, yieldeth up his spirit, dying in December's frosty arms! Bear him to his rest, and with him the load of cares that pressed upon his bosom! Farewell, then, to the dying year! And when old Time goeth forth again to mow, may we be there to turn a winnow for him in the fields of nature, and inhale the fragrance of the crushed withered flowers that he streweth around him in his giant march!' Meanwhile, let us suggest a thought or two to our readers, 'appropriate to the season.' Lament not that Winter is upon us. It can not always be Summer. *Let* the 'rain rain cold;' *let* 'frost and snow be on every hill;' you will but think, amidst the howling, whistling winds, and the drifting snow, of the delights of the warm and cheerful fireside. *Now* is the time, too, for the enjoyment of *books*, those 'silent but eloquent companions' — of periodicals and newspapers. May we be so happy as to contribute to the enjoyment of thousands of winter-readers in these our varied pages! - - - Those of our city readers who had the good fortune to visit SATTLER'S Cosmorama, when it was in this country, and on exhibition at the corner of Thirteenth-street and Broadway, will call to mind a splendid and peculiar view of *The North Cape*, so forcibly and graphically described below. Well do we remember how the mysterious,

weird-looking ocean, and the 'awful cape' were wont to impress all beholders. The picture was a wonderful piece of art, and as impressive as any one in all the superb collection. Two travellers, as we learn from a late English journal, recently strolled to the very extremity of the Cape. What a grand, what a glorious, what an amazing prospect met the sight! It was now just midnight, the evening of the Fourth of July (yet they had been amusing themselves with snow-balling each other) and the sun poured a flood of ruddy light on the Cape. Far, far away stretched the dread, mysterious Arctic Ocean, and at a vast distance a sail or two, looking like the white wing of a sea-gull, might be seen on its bosom. Beneath, the broad clouds gleamed red as blood; and over-head, high up in the clear, cold sky, great sea-birds hovered and screamed:

'Lord SILVERTON approached the Cape, and looked steadily downward. He drew a long breath, and in hushed accents, said:

"This reminds me of SHAKESPEARE's description of the chalk cliffs of Dover, in King LEAR. But *what* are the cliffs of Dover? But what are the cliffs of Dover to this North Cape of Lapland! This is awful — tremendous — sublime! The whole world has not its equal. What would not SHAKESPEARE have written, had he stood on this North Cape! A sight like this would make even a common man a poet; but the poet-born would be etherialized — transported beyond himself — inspired!"

"Give me your hand, my Lord," said Herr KLINGMAGER, "for I think you have iron nerves, like myself, and we may venture to approach nearer the brink of the precipice."

"They did so; and Lord SILVERTON, accustomed as he had been to ascend to the royal yards of a three-decker, involuntarily shrank and shuddered, as he gazed down the blue gulf of air, and saw the apparently miniature waves break at the foot of the mighty Cape, and heard the faint echo of their roar.

"Tis terrible — astounding — almost horrible!" murmured he.

"From our standing-point to the surface of the sea below is sheer one thousand feet," coolly remarked Herr KLINGMAGER. "See the gulls and the great *aaks* flying half-way down. They look no larger than sparrows! Only endeavor to conceive the scene here in mid-winter, when all is storm and darkness, and when the ocean, driven in huge waves from the icy Arctic regions, bursts against this sentinel of nature — this defiant Cape — and casts up solid masses of water in tens of thousands of tons, hundreds of feet high, against the rock, and the foamy spray flies a hundred feet above the summit where we stand!"

"Listen a moment," he continued; "you feel the cutting wind, and you hear its shrill whistle as it rushes against us; but do you *also* hear a different and most peculiar sound?"

"Tis the *boom* of the ocean at our feet, is it not?"

"Yes; we hear the sound of the waves beating heavily — as they have beaten without rest or pause, for thousands of years — against the base of the Cape; and the sound is so faint at this immense elevation, that one might fancy he was standing on a spot long miles from the sea. But it is *not* the echo of the waves that I wish you to notice. Bend your head and again listen."

"Lord SILVERTON did so; and now he distinctly heard a sound, or a variety of sounds blended together, so as to produce a species of wild, unearthly symphony. There were wailing sounds, vibratory sounds, hissing sounds, moaning sounds, rumbling sounds, sighing sounds, quivering sounds, rushing sounds, sharp, soft, and mingled sounds — all heard faintly yet clearly, and impressing the hearer with a pleasing sensation, not unlike the imaginary disconcerts we sometimes listen to in a dream.

"What fresh marvel and mystery is this?"

"It is no mystery, my Lord, but a very natural and simple phenomenon. The singular and undescribable sounds are produced by the very same wind that blows against us, and they are caused by the resistance offered to the wind, on its passage, by the head or front of the Cape beating against our feet; and it is, as you would observe when sailing around it, not a plain surface like a wall or bastion, built by hands, as it at first sight seems, but grooved, and rife, and full of hollows and protuberances, of all sizes and shapes; hence the singular variety of sounds, all of which reach us here in an undertone; but were we suspended half-way down the front of the Cape, we should doubtless be astonished at their loudness!"

"To what a depth must the solid foundations descend!"

"Perhaps they begin miles below our feet!"

This fragment is a fine description of a sublime scene, and for the thousands in this country who have seen SATTLE's view of it — and his pencil is 'as faithful as a daguerrotype,' to use the language of WASHINGTON IRVING, in speaking of his picture of Burgos, in Old Spain — it will have an unwonted interest; while first readers will not regret the space it occupies in our pages. It is a very striking picture. - - - Our readers, we are sure, will bear us abundant witness, that *Old Maids* have always had the kindest treatment in the KNICKERBOCKER: in its pages they have never either been left 'unhonored or unsung;' while not a syllable has ever been permitted to transpire against them. Bless their old hearts! we never would do 'any thing else' to them: but here is a sketch of a 'conversation' between two elderly spinsters at a sewing-party, which, 'hit or miss,' we *must* publish: for little as there is in it, it is exceedingly graphic, and we have n't a doubt most authentically rendered: 'I have an office (where I *pursue* the *practice* of the law — which is my *profession* — without as yet having overtaken the former) in the rear-part of what is called the 'sessions-room' of a Congregational church, in the pleasant village of ——. There *is* n't much litigation, and some how or other, the citizens can't be 'put up to it.' There is a 'committee-room' in this basement, or sub-church, and there, the other day, the ladies of the 'institution' held a sewing-society for the benefit of the poor of the parish. I saw most of the proceedings, and heard a part of them. What *most* I heard, I will tell you. It was a smart *Dialogue between Two Old Maids*. They sat close by the door that opened into my 'office,' which I suppose they imagined to be a closet. The 'conversation' was interesting. It was evident that some body had been doing something that was n't right. The two speakers sat close together, and as they stitched away, their tongues kept up a perpetual wagging accompaniment. The taller of the two had

— 'a little round head, but not very much hair,
So little, in fact, that a wig she must wear,
Ri-tu-di-nu-di-na!'

together with a long, wrinkled, superfluous neck, like a turkey's. The second was like unto the first, only *less* so. My attention was first called to the 'pretty, precious pair' by an exclamation which caused me to peep in at the slightly-ajar door. The taller damsel — who, although 'a leetle oldish neōw, had *seen* the time when she was as good as *ever* she was' — was looking straight into the eyes of her companion; her mouth an elongated 'O!' and her eyes protruding like a chameleon's. And this was the language that was spoken: remembering always that 'says I,' and 'says she,' are elliptical in what follows: 'Oh-h-h!-ho! that *accounts* for it! — *that* tells the whole story! Yes, *yes*! — oh, YES!' — 'Yes: ' *szi*, to *MissZopkinszi*, 'tizontzo.' Szshetiz: *szi'tcan'tbepossib*: 'szshe 'tiz-zo!' Szi, 'Who-told-you, 'szi.' 'ABBY,' sezshe. 'Been payin' 'tention for weeks and weeks! Who'd ha' thunk it? — 'spected to be married in less'n tew months!' Szi, 'did Miss-ZOPKINS *see* it?' Szshe, 'she *did*, with her own eyes.' Szi, 'I never heer'd the beat on it, in all my born days!' Szshe, 'Nor I, too! What

will Deacon M — say when *he* comes to hear on it! — and our minister!! Oh, my, *my*! 'Szi, 'They *must* hear on it soon — but *you* must 'nt say any thing aboout it to any body, and for massy-sakes, don't say that *I* tell'd you of it. I don't 'exactly b'lieve it, *myself*; and I don't want to mix and meddle with no other folks' concerns!' And thus the good benevolent old 'creeturs' ran on, their hands busy in making garments for 'the poor, and they that had none to help them,' while their tongues were 'swift to do evil' to the reputation of some village girl, whose probable crime it was, to be pretty and young.' - - - GUESS there is some satire in the following, if our wisdom could but find it out:

A Bit of Bitter Irony.

OCCURRING IN A POEM OF GREAT POWER.

BY JACQUES MAURICE.

WILD was the night, (I have known tamer ones,)
 The winds so hoarse, made fretful-noted music:
 Darkness alone was visible. I knew
 By perfumes not so rare as some I've smelt,
 A ditch was near. My little all (two dimes)
 Rested confidingly in my clenched hand,
 (Lest haply from my pocket it were ta'en by stealth.)
 An envious stone (so fate would have it) struck
 The extended foot I rightly call my own:
 (Or was 't the stone was stricken by the foot?)
 And I, well knowing of my inches, loth
 My length anew to measure on the ground,
 Did save my balance: but I lost five cents.
 'Twas naught. Oh! yes, 't was naught, for I
 Had fifteen left. I ran against a being,
 A living, breathing being, while searching for 't,
 And fearing lest the villain seize my pelf,
 I chucked him in the ditch — and that was naughtly.

WE know not whom to credit with the subjoined '*Thoughts on the Loss of a Wife*,' but they strike us as very tender and touching:

'In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements are trifling. The wife — she who busied herself so unweariedly for the precious ones around her — bitter the tears that fall upon her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin, and think of the past. It seems an amber-colored pathway, where the sun shone on beautiful flowers, or the stars glittered overhead. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered, save perhaps those your own hands have planted. Her noble, tender heart is open to your utmost sight. You think of her *now* as all gentleness, all beauty, all purity and truth.

'But she is dead! The dear head that has so often lain upon your bosom, rests in the still darkness, upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have ministered so untiringly, are folded white and cold beneath the gloomy portal. The breast whose every beat measured an eternity of affection, lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over with smiles, bend down above her in tears, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be kept green and beautiful.

'There is a strange hush, a 'breathing silence,' in every room: no light footstep is moving around. No smile greets the poor mourner at night-fall. The old clock ticks — strikes, and ticks: it was music when *she* could hear it; but *now* it seems the knell of the hours through which you watched the shadows of death gather upon her sweet face.

'And every day that old clock repeats the story. Many another tale it telleth, too, of beautiful words and deeds that are registered above. You feel — ah! how often! — that the grave cannot keep her!'

To us this seems very touching. - - - A *LITTLE* scene, reader, 'an' it please you.' The day is an early November one — bland and balmy with fading-wood odors; and over every distant object there spreads a soft, scarcely-perceptible haze, like a half-silvery veil of faint mist. Very *enjoyable!* We had been 'fetching a walk,' along a dry and yet half-moist roadside path, which yielded beneath the elastic step — imparting, *of itself*, a curiously pleasurable sensation — when we paused upon a bridge near the 'Old Dutch Church,' close by 'Old Tappaan Town,' and surveyed this pleasant scene: In the immediate fore-ground, was a long mill-pond, smooth as glass, and over the green moss-covered d — m in front, poured a wide unbroken sheet of silver-water, which swept under the bridge in a broad rushing brook, which wound musically on its way, between banks of living green, and under groups of weeping willows and clumps of alder-bushes, till it passed beneath the protecting trees that bend over the venerable time-worn edifice where the great and good WASHINGTON held his 'Head-Quarters.' The mill-wheel was noisily turning, and the white miller flitted occasionally to-and-fro in the semi-shadow of the interior. Below the bridge, on a green grass plat, were piles of green, red, and yellow apples: near by a fat, sleek bay mare was revolving around a cider-mill: there came on the ear the true 'crunching' sound of the olden time: men with clean straw, were 'putting their work to press:' children, with long straw-tubes, were imbibing the luscious 'fluid' from the vat. We joined them with a kindred instrument, and with a heart as light as theirs — for *we* too were 'a boy again' — and sucked our fill. Close by, was an old grave-yard — the last November leaves dropping upon the autumnal green grass below, and upon sombre tomb-stones, wholly illegible from moss and age, underneath which human dust had slept for an hundred and fifty or two hundred years. Afar in the north, 'Rockland-Tower,' from its lofty mountain height, dominated over all the brown and green contented fields, and blue mountain ranges which slept below. - - - The 'new reading' of *LEAR*, in the awful 'cussing-scene,' as poor GEORGE HILL used to call it, as recorded in our last number, has reminded a Philadelphia friend of a similar diversion of the deep interest of an audience, which he once witnessed in that very large and flourishing village. MACREADY, who is as nervous as a kitten, was playing *MACBETH*, in his most impressive manner. The audience held their breath, and were as silent almost as the grave, during the awe-inspiring witch-scene: and when the cauldron, with its multifarious 'Scotch-stew,' sank slowly through the stage, the feeling was at its height: but while *MACBETH* was saying, ('or words to that effect,') 'Why disappears the cauldron from my sight?' through some defect in the diabolical machinery, *up it came*, through the trap-door, with an old greasy carpenter's coat, a hand-saw, and an old hat, which had suddenly been laid upon a board, across the top! The audience burst into a roar, the wizard sisters shrieked from 'the wings,' and from behind the scenes; the carpenters swore audibly, and as 'terribly' as if they had belonged to the 'regular army' in Flanders. But MACREADY! — what a face was his! His triumph over his audience had been complete: when, in a moment, the whole grand SHAKSPEAREAN scene was turned into a broad bur-

lesque! Should he go on, with *such* a feeling in the audience? 'He did-ah-indeed-ah *try* to ah-do-so, but he could ah-not *ah-do-it*!'—and the curtain dropped 'for a time, times, or half a time:' for, 'in point of fact,' as well as time, no audience ever yet came within fifteen minutes of the time that a certain *is* really down in an existing play. Howbeit, the play was soon resumed, and admirably finished. - - - THE 'uncertainty of the law' is amusingly exemplified in the following lines, which have just reached us from an old friend and favorite contributor. Would a 'sasherarar' have 'held,' in case the jury had rendered a verdict of '*Not Guilty, if they'll leave the State?*'—or would it have been necessary to put the parties in *escro*, and then issue a writ of Habeas Corpus on the original *Pi. Fa?* NOKES (C. J.) in PHENIX, SNODGRASS AND DUSENBURY v. SMILAX AND GILES P. SCROGGINS, p. 4894, charged with the relator. (See also, 'OLD KNICK' v. 'THE PEOPLE,' in the celebrated Alleghany County '*Tit*' case.)

'The Case.

'CUJUS PARS FUI.'—VIRGIL.

'THERE went twelve men into a box,
And one onto a bench;
To try an issue joined 'twixt Fox
And the defendant FRENCH.

'The charge was this—when clarified
From technical word-fog—
That FRENCH's son tin-pan had tied
To tail of Fox's dog:

'Who thereupon (the cur I mean)
In frenzy to aroint,
Had run his legs off 'slick and clean,'
Up to the second joint!

'Whereby said dog, to all intents
Of use, no matter what,
Was not worth—no, not worth three cents,
And bogus ones at that.

'Then sundry witnesses were heard
Defendant's side upon,
Who all upon their oath averred
He never had a son!

'And said, they wished they might be stoned
Each from his home and wife,
If plaintiff ever yet had owned
A dog in all his life!

'Then Fox his witnesses deploys
Before the legal camp,
Who swore said FRENCH had twenty boys,
And each a precious scamp:

'And then, in plaintiff's canine praise,
They all did thus agree:
That ACTEON, in his proudest days,
Had n't half the pack that he!

'*City Hall, New-York.*

'Then rose defendant's counsel wise,
Alert for legal fight;
And plump in court's and jury's eyes
Threw dust from morn till night:

'And tore, at times, his hapless hair,
As wrath inspired his strains;
Till scalp, without, of locks was bare,
As skull, within, of brains.

'Next day, rose plaintiff's 'learned' trust,
'Squire RIGMAROLE McTHUD,
And killed nine hours in throwing dust,
Diversified with mud.

'As he was bald, he could not doff
His thatch—yet 'suffered some;'
For in his frenzy he tore off
Three fingers and a thumb.

'Then rose the Court with awful grace,
And to the four times three
Said, Gentlemen, you've heard the case,
From A to and *per se*.

'The law is clear, the facts you know,
The doubts we 'll not discuss:
If you think thus and thus, why—so;
If so and so, why—thus!

'The patient jury thereupon
Were quod-locked for the night;
And on the morrow found, *nem. con.*,
True verdict: 'Served 'em right!'

'And when, at last, they had achieved
A task so deeply thrilling;
Each for his four whole days received,
All told, just one short shilling!

W. P. P.

A FRIEND in Ohio sends us the following amusing occurrence, (which actually took place as described,) as illustrating a novel method of '*Preserving the Purity of Elections*:'

'In the north-west portion of the State of Ohio, in the county of Auglaize, there is a township, the citizens of which are principally German, and notwithstanding their 'sweet accent,' they are all Democrats of the regular 'unterrified' stripe. From the time of the erection of the county up to the year eighteen hundred and fifty-two, there had never been a Whig vote cast in the township spoken of, although there were over six hundred voters; but at the fall election of that year, upon counting the ballots, it appeared that there was *one* Whig amongst them. There was the proof, a regular *straight-out* Whig ticket, and they dare not pass it by. This caused great commotion; their escutcheon was dimmed; there was a *Whig* amongst them; that blot must be wiped out, and with their courage (Dutch of course) up to fever heat in the shade, they went to work slyly to find the man who had dared to vote the '*Vig Dicket*;' but their labors were unsuccessful. In the mean time another year rolled round, and the good 'beeples' were again assembled at the election precinct. It had not been forgotten, however, that at the last election some one had voted the '*Vig Dicket*;' and it was now the subject of open remark and wonder.

'While they were having an out-door discussion of the subject, SAM STARRETT, a late immigrant from the eastern shore of Maryland, came along, and demanded the cause of the commotion.

'Vell, ve vas a vondering who it vas wat voted de *Vig'dicket* at de last election, said an old Dutchman.

'It was me,' SAM said, 'and it wa 'nt no body else!'

'I dinks not,' said the old Dutchman, and the balance shook their heads incredulously.

'I tell you it was though,' said SAM, pulling out a Whig ticket, 'and may I be chawed up if I aint going to do it again. I am going to vote *that*, (holding out the ticket,) and vote it open, too. I'll let you know that I'm an *independent American Citizen*, and I'll vote just as I please, and you can't help it, by JEMIMA!'

'So in he went to deposit his ballot. There sat the three old Dutch judges of election, 'calm as a summer morning;' and true to his word, SAM handed over his ticket, open. One of the old judges took it, and scanning it a few seconds, handed it back toward the independent voter, and said:

'Yaw, dat ish a *Vig dictet*.'

'Well, put it in the box,' said SAM.

'Vat you say?' said the old Dutchman, his eyes big with surprise; 'put him in de box?'

'Yes-sir-ee, put it in the box! I am goin' to vote it!'

'Oh! no! nix goot, nix goot! dat ish a *Vig dictet*,' said the old Dutchman, shaking his head.

'Well, I reckon I know it's a Whig ticket,' said SAM, 'and I want you to put it in the box, darnation quick, too.'

'No, no! dat ish not goot; dat ish a *Vig dictet*; we not take 'em any more, said the old judge, turning to receive 'goot dictets' from some of his German friends.

'SAM went out and cursed till all was blue — said he had come thar to vote, and he'd be flamborgasted if want goin' to vote in spite of all the Dutch in the township.

So, after cooling off a little, he again went in and tendered his ticket, very neatly rolled up. The old judge took it again, and notwithstanding SAM's demurring, unrolled it and looked it over; then turning to SAM in a manner and tone not to be misunderstood, said:

'*I tells you dat ish a Vig dickeet; dat it ish nix goot; and dat we not take 'em any more!*'

'SAM again retired, cursing all Democrats generally, and the Dutch particularly, and assigning them the hottest corners of the brimstone region; and was going on to curse every body that did 'nt curse them, when he was interrupted by an old Dutchman in the crowd, with:

'*'SAM SDARRETT, I tells you vat it ish, if you will vote der Dimergrat dickeet, and leef der gounty, we gifs you so much monish as dakes you vere you cum 'd vom.'*

'SAM scratched his head, studied awhile, and then said that as he had come thar to vote, and want goin' away without votin', he guessed he'd do it.

'Again SAM made his appearance before the judges, and tendered his vote. The same old judge took it, and looking it over quietly, turned to SAM and said:

'*'Yaw, dat ish goot; dat ish a Dimergratic dickeet!'* and dropped it into the box.

'It is only further necessary to say that SAM went back to the eastern shore at the expense of the township; and that, at *that* election, and ever since, that German township has been O.K.

'That is what I call 'preserving the purity of elections.'

D. T.'

Certainly '*one way of doing it!*' THAT was a singular expression of a correspondent of the *Tribune*' daily journal, writing the other day of Indian border-wars, in our far-western settlements: namely, that 'Colonel —, riding out on government service, had a narrow escape from death, having *come in contact* with a flash of lightning!' That lightning must have been rather 'slow.' In its *kind*, the word '*contact*,' as here used, seems like another, which was even more ludicrously employed by a Buffalo editor, or reporter, some years ago. A loaded boat in Buffalo-creek had been sunk by some miscreant; and according to the report, 'the act was undoubtedly committed by an *incendiary!*' - - - We welcome a '*A Cosmopolitan*' to our pages, as will all those of our readers who may read his '*Physiology and the Occult Science:*'

'DURING a sojourn of a few days in one of the quiet towns on the banks of the beautiful Alleghany, the following notice met my eye:

An Interesting lecture on
satterday evening
at 7 o'Clock in the school house upon
Psychology and the Ocult Science.
whare their will be Performed some deep,
interesting and Laughable experiments
boath phisical and spiritual.

Ladys are perticularly invited to attend. Admittance 12½ cents.

'Being always ready for fun of any kind in a proper form, I made up my mind to go. At the appointed hour I found myself wading through the mud toward the school-house; not being deterred either by the furious rain or the Egyptian darkness of the night.

'The performance was just commencing. The audience assembled consisted of six men, four women, six boys, two babies, and a black dog; beside some eight or nine on the front bench, who were to be operated on. The windows were crowded on the outside with 'dead-heads,' who seemed not to mind the storm as long as they saw the fun.

'After a few introductory remarks about the deep wonders of the 'occult' science, the operator wished the audience to keep silent for ten minutes. Taking a huge piece of tobacco in his mouth as a preliminary step, he proceeded to put his victims to sleep. Twenty minutes elapsed, and eyes still would open in spite of repeated exhortations to 'Shut your eyes,' 'You cannot open your eyes to save your life.' Finally he succeeded in getting two youngsters pretty well under his control. As for the others, he announced that the experiment had failed. With the two he had obtained, he went through the usual long course of experiments in the physical line: the spiritual would 'nt work any how. The youngsters could 'nt make the stove look like NOAH'S Ark, and absolutely denied that there was the slightest shade of similitude between the dipped tallow candles and rainbows. One, however, did see a likeness between the dog and a bear, and attacked him with a *stick* and we were treated to quite an exhibition of *cane-line* ferocity.

'He entertained the company with the two for about an hour, much to the amazement of the honest backwoodsmen. I have seen SOL SMITH, in his palmist days, at the St. Charles, DAN MARBLE, BARNEY WILLIAMS, WARREN, and the whole host of comedians, but I never enjoyed any entertainment one half as well as I did this one. The admirable *sang froid* of the operator when his experiments failed was worth more of itself than the 'levy' charged for admittance. The most celebrated in the business of mesmerizing, etc., could not have given more satisfaction than he did. 'Ladys,' and all others came away entirely confounded with the mysteries of Psychology; and I have no doubt that his next lecture, on the Wednesday evening following, 'at early candle-light,' was well attended: and it deserved to be.

Almost equal to 'HERR VON DULLBRAINZ.' - - - A LUDICROUS idea of mistakes in 'keeping,' as the artists term it, sometimes made in historical pictures, may be gathered from the following. It is almost equal to the pictures of modern heroes, in some of our earlier illustrated papers, where the hero or the *celebrité* of the hour, whoever he might be, or however unlike in personal appearance, was made to figure before the public in the same wood-cut portrait:

'In a college-chapel at Paris was a picture of NAPOLEON and his aid-de-camps visiting a plague-hospital. When the Bourbons came back, this was altered to CHRIST and his Apostles; but the CHRIST has on NAPOLEON'S boots to this day! A statue of CHARLES the Second, erected at the old Stock-Market, (the present site of the Mansion-House,) had been originally made for SOBIESKI, with a Turk under the horse. The Turk was changed into OLIVER CROMWELL, only his turban was forgotten!'

Curious idea of great men and great periods *such* 'historical' paintings afford—do they not? - - - WE think it but an act of simple justice, and on our part it is a matter of gratitude as well, to speak of the *Great Printing Establishment* of Mr. GRAY, the printer of this Magazine. For general custom-work it has not its superior in the United States, and its immense business is constantly increasing. Mr. GRAY is unquestionably

one among the most skilful, prompt, and tasteful printers in our great city. - - - SIMPLE as BURNS' lines to the poor little mouse, turned out by a plough-share from his cozy nest, and replete with 'humanity' are the subjoined verses by J. HONEYWELL :

'WHAT time the wheat was in the ear
And all the flax was bolled,
Within the breasts of ROBIN's friends
Funereal bells were tolled.

'Faint, silver bells—unseen, unheard,
Except by those alone
Whose hearts the pensive cadence drank,
And echoed back its tone.

'And who is ROBIN, that young hearts
Are thus disturbed for him?
For whom unwonted lips are pale,
And sparkling eyes are dim?

'Alas! he was their favorite Horse—
The loved, the true, the tried:
The horse that never ran away,
And never, never shyed!

'Then pause and listen, FANNY dear,
While I the tale rehearse,
And here embalm his memory
In horsepitiable verse.

'He was indeed a noble steed:
Of honored stock was he,
Who up the stream of time could trace
His ancient pedigree.

'On regimental training days
He was a goodly sight,
As with a trampling hoof he rushed
Into the thickest fight.

'The stirring music of the drum,
The shout of soldiers grim,
The clash of arms, the cannon's roar,
Were a delight to him.

'But this was ROBIN's patriot side,
His holiday address:

'*Hartford, August, 1855.*

'Behold him at his daily tasks,
And love him not the less.

'With conscious look and lively pace,
As if his work were play,
Sagacious ROBIN, true as steel,
Pursued his even way.

If Reason blends with Instinct's powers,
Let learned doctors tell;
But this is true, that ROBIN knew
Each gentle playmate well.

'And when around his littered stall
The noisy children ran,
His voice proclaimed his happiness,
As plain as whinny can.

'And every day their love for him
Still strong and stronger grew,
While he returned each fond caress
With horse-affection true.

'But these delights are over now,
And love alone abides;
For all his warrior-work is done,
And all his peaceful rides.

'Ah! never more his answering neigh
The listening ear shall fill;
He sleeps in peace beside the brook
That washes Copper Hill.

'And I, who 've known him long and well,
His gentleness and worth,
Who oft have heard his praises sung
Beside his master's hearth,

'I act the Minnesinger's part,
The mourning harper play,
And from my sympathetic heart
Pour this elegiac lay.

WE are sorry: but the 'Little People' can't come to the 'Table' *this* time. We have too much company. Next time, little darlings!

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC: OPERA OF THE PROPHET. — The production of this grand opera at the Academy of Music, has been looked for with great interest by the lovers of music in our city and we are pleased to say that all their anticipations have been more than realized. The music, the acting, and the scenery, have never been surpassed in any opera ever given in this city. We heartily indorse the following, from the competent critic of the '*Musical World*':

'The first chorus electrified the house—such was the wonderful power and unanimity on the part of the singers. The chorus-master, or whoever had the drilling of this department, deserves

the highest praise for producing the most effective chorus-singing, throughout, we have yet had on the New-York stage.

'MADAME LAGRANGE and Miss HENSLEY so charmingly performed their supplicating duet in the scene with the COUNT, that we thought him an uncommonly hard-hearted fellow when he so deliberately turned his back upon them. Miss HENSLEY is certainly a very sweet girl, and a very sweet singer. It is so unusual to hear in Italian opera, as given in America, any but voices that are somewhat worn, that her quite fresh and purely musical organ, is exceedingly grateful to the ear. Her costume in this opera is exceedingly becoming to her, with its fringe of scallop-shells. The acting of MADAME LAGRANGE in this scene was also unusually effective.

'As a whole, nevertheless, the production of 'The Prophet' at the Academy is an era in the history of operatic art in this country: and the musical public, if not powerfully moved by this extraordinary spectacle, and responsive to its just demands upon their attention, will prove itself wholly unworthy of opera, in its highest and grandest form. As a means of marking a veritable historical episode in the world's history, and bringing forth from the shadowy past an extraordinary phase of human fanaticism, this opera is well worthy the most liberal support of New-Yorkers.'

Farmers' Department.

At 'Cedar-Hill Cottage,' the present season has been auspicious for crops — cereal, tubular, and roots. We guarded against the 'heated terms,' before 'E. M. —'s 'wires' had predicted that they had been with us. Our PEAS were luscious and long-continuous — green and soft to the last. We had the 'Sugar-Pea,' the 'Prince-ALBERT,' the 'VICTORIA,' the 'Early Marrow-fat,' and the 'Mummy Pea;' the latter a rare variety, which even Mr. SPARROWGRASS, who lives in the country, confessed he had never seen, and was not even aware that there *could* be such an antiquated thing. The Indian maize or green-corn flourished abundantly. The 'Iowa-white' reached fifteen feet four inches; only two inches short of the famous stalks which we sent to our agricultural contemporary, 'H. GREELEY,' although the ears were not so long, nor so full-rowed. Some few nubbins, too. Of beets, we report an ample abundance, and of the very best kinds, red and white. But what *we* call a *beet*, is a *red* beet. How would it sound to say, 'White as a beet?' Ah-ha! — '*that* settles the question!' Lima-beans, flaunting from forty poles, astonished every beholder by their profusion and their hold-on-ative-ness until late in the season. Tomatoes 'strewed the ground with crimson' and yellow, long after they had outlived their usefulness. Pompions, twenty-two, planted amidst the corn. 'Some punkins,' only, therefore, must be the extent of our claim; although they were round, yellow, and sweet as a nut. Potatoes (white 'Mercers') exceeded all expectations. One well-supported double-and-twisted specimen — However: there 'll be *more* of that kind, we are inclined to think, if there is any such thing as re-production in vegetable 'roots.' If the increase turns out right, we shall show some of them at the next 'Fair.' The cucumbers, melons, (in every variety,) cabbages, red and white, and cauliflowers, were thrifty, well-developed — *fine!* cauliflowers — *splendid!*

FLORICULTURE. — Nothing could exceed our 'show' of flowers in their season. One morning, in the time of roses, we counted six hundred and eighty, red and white, on the bushes that covered all the trellis in front of our little cottage. Of pinks, monthly roses, geraniums, salvias, petunias, verbenas, and the gorgeous dahlia, we had a vast variety, in the greatest possible perfection. Every day we had a fresh bouquet in our Sevres-vase on the mantel-piece and basket on the table. Thank God for the flowers!

New Publications, Art-Notices, Etc.

'EPHEMERON:' A POEM BY HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.—This handsome *petite 'booklet'* from the press of Messrs. APPLETON, has more merit than its unpretending form might seem to indicate. It is, indeed, extremely creditable to the author, as we fortunately have space to show, by two brief extracts. The first is a passage from the '*Ephemeron* :'

'Hast thou not, in pure elation
Born of Nature grand and free,
Felt the glow of inspiration
Shedding glimpses, e'en to thee,
Of the glory of creation,
And the joy that yet shall be ?

'And the troubled heart is firmer,
And the sighing lips are dumb ;
At the deep, prophetic murmur
Of the wondrous age to come.

'Hear, with solemn, hushed emotion,
Where, in distant thunder, beat
Waves of the advancing Ocean
Soon to lave our very feet.

'Through these early mists of morning,
Thrilling from the unseen shore,
Voices of august forewarning
Mingle with its endless roar ;

And a mighty day is dawning,
Such as never shone before !

'Lo, the long unopened portal
On its threshold trembling stands !
Through the ancient shadow curial,
Yet dividing these our lands,
They that once, like us, were mortal,
Reach their dear remembered hands.

'Hopes undreamed shall those inherit,
That are faithful to the end :
Death with life, and clay with spirit,
Shall converse, as friend with friend.

'Souls that erst, forlorn and lowly,
Sat in darkness and dismay,
Shall admire their melancholy :
Seeing every doubt decay
In the light, serene and holy,
Of the everlasting day.'

Among the shorter pieces, which follow the longer and main poem, are two which impressed us as worthy of liberal commendation. We should be glad to quote the first, '*Even This will Pass Away*,' but must rest content with the lines, '*Long Ago* :'

'WHEN I sit at eve alone,
Thinking on the past and gone ;
While the clock, with drowsy finger,
Marks how long the minutes linger ;
And the embers, dimly burning,
Tell of life to dust returning ;
Then my lonely chair around,
With a quiet mournful sound —
With a murmur soft and low,
Come the ghosts of long ago.

'One by one, I count them o'er,
Voices that are heard no more ;
Tears, that loving cheeks have wet,
Words, whose music lingers yet ;
Holy faces, pale and fair,

Shadowy locks of waving hair ;
Happy sighs and whispers dear,
Songs forgotten many a year ;
Lips of dewy fragrance ; eyes
Brighter, bluer than the skies —
Odors breathed from Paradise.

'And the gentle shadows glide
Softly murmuring at my side,
Till the long unfriended day,
All forgotten, fades away.

'Thus, when I am all alone,
Dreaming o'er the past and gone,
All around me, sad and slow,
Come the ghosts of long ago.'

FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE. — This popular exposition having proved more attractive than was anticipated, was not finally closed until the 18th ult. It would seem, from these repeated postponements, that the somewhat venturesome experiment of holding a fair in the Crystal Palace has been a successful one. If so, we are heartily glad ; and no well-wisher to his country, upon witnessing (as did we) so cheering and encouraging a display, could help rejoicing that the inventive skill and taste of our people have received so signal an encouragement.

Having but an hour to spare, we could only pass rapidly through the building, pausing here and there as aught beautiful or strange or wonderful appeared, and often hurrying too soon away. The machinery first attracted us, and with 'careful step and slow,' we threaded the maze of wheels and bands, a coat-tail in either hand, lost in admiration of the inventive genius of 'the Yankee.'

In the Floral department, the whole air smelt of flowers, and so did we. Though somewhat faded now, a lively imagination assured us that a day or two earlier they must have pleased the most fastidious by their beauty of tint and form. Several of our Brooklyn florists have certainly distinguished themselves in this pleasing culture. Pomology was also fully represented : and had

we been 'a boy again,' we should have been strongly tempted to — ask some body for an apple or a pear.

'Up-stairs' we passed rapidly through a wilderness of 'cur'iosities,' but paused only before a beautiful floral wreath, in worsted work, (done with one hand tied behind, by MARY LOUISA FRANCIS, a little Miss, aged thirteen,) and a wonderful bureau and book-case, which, after nearly a dozen transformations, was about changing into a four-story house as we turned away. Hastening down, we had only time to examine several beautiful statuary marble mantles, some of which were exquisite, both in design and execution. Upon one, in particular, the figures, in *alto-relievo*, were as beautiful in shape and finish as any piece of statuary in the Palace. Mr. JOHN KENNEDY, the exhibitor, has an extensive establishment at 73 and 75 West Thirty-fifth-street, in which, as we learn, are employed some of the best French and Italian workmen, in their peculiar line, in the country. He received gold medals both at the Fair of the American Institute, in 1852, and the World's Fair, in 1853, for the chaste and exquisite design and superior finish of his mantles. We believe the one particularly alluded to above is valued at \$2500.

Leaving these, we glanced at the splendid fire-engines and hose-carts in another part of the room, listened once more to the hum of the machinery, contemplated for a moment the *tout ensemble* of the scene, and then reluctantly departed.

'BAYARD TAYLOR'S VISIT TO INDIA, CHINA, AND JAPAN,' from the popular publicatory 'Park-Place' of PUTNAM, is a work in one volume, which has already 'won its meed.' The greater portion of the volume has heretofore been published as a part of the extensive correspondence of 'The Tribune' daily journal. The public will be glad that it has been placed in a permanent book-form, because Mr. TAYLOR's letters are always too good to be lost. Here is the conclusion of about twenty-eight months' extensive travel, including the greater part of Europe, Central Africa, Palestine, and Asia Minor, with India, China, and Japan. The extent actually traversed was fifty thousand miles. The tour through India takes us over a route already described by several writers. The visits to China, a country far less known, are full of interest, and give glimpses of men and manners there which have the merit of accuracy and the charm of novelty. The portion of the work devoted to Japan and Loo-Choo (which Mr. TAYLOR visited as one of Commodore PERRY's naval officials) is somewhat brief, his journals having been given up to the Navy Department, to be used in the compilation of the Government account of the Japan Expedition, and not yet restored to him.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS. — Mr. T. B. PETERSON, publisher, of Philadelphia, has issued, in twelve well-printed volumes, a uniform edition of all the works of our great modern novelist. 'The immortal Captain CUTLER,' says our contemporary of 'The Albion,' 'wondered how in the world so much information could be crammed into JACK BUSBY's knowledge-box. So wonder we, that into twelve octavo volumes can be crammed this prodigious fund of entertainment; a fund so vast and so expansive, that it seems absolutely to have pervaded the reading public, during a score or so of past years. All the works of CHARLES DICKENS! What visions of favorites rise to the mind's eye at the mere mention of them! How many happily credulous persons cannot divest themselves of the idea that they shall some day, and in their actual walk through life, encounter the rare originals! But the theme is trite. The critic has long ago exhausted it; and it only remains for the publisher to supply the demand. Mr. PETERSON is endeavoring to do this, with his present edition, double columned, and profusely though irregularly illustrated, many of GILBERT's and of ALFRED CROWQUILL's drawings being preserved. So large an amount of popular reading is seldom offered, in a form at once convenient and so cheap.'

'A GRAMMAR OF COMPOSITION: OR, GRADUAL EXERCISES IN WRITING THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.' — Such is the expressive and comprehensive title of a book, the contents of which do in no sense belie its character. To judge from a cursory examination of its pages, it is literally what it purports to be; and we regard it as supplying a very important desideratum in our school-literature. 'It needs all we know,' says DRYDEN, 'to make things plain:' and this work, while in a simple manner it *instructs*, in an undiscerned but not the less effective manner, it at the same time *entertains*. It is destined, we think, to occupy a distinct and separate position among modern school-books, and is prepared on an entirely original plan. The author, who has been pronounced 'one of the most successful teachers in the country,' is at the head of the Boston High-School. There never was a truer thing said in the world — if *truth* is capable of any degree — than is to be found in this remark, in the preface: 'When the principles of grammatical construction have been applied until the habit is formed, and we write correctly without reference to the rule, we then, and not until then, experience the beneficial result of the study of grammar.'

PROFESSOR SPARKS' ANALYSIS OF THE FRENCH VERBS. — This is a large lithographic chart, exhibiting a complete '*Analysis of the Conjugations of the Regular and all the Irregular Verbs of the French Language*,' by a systematic classification of the *Roots and Endings*. The *changeable roots* of the irregular verbs are classified and so arranged in groups and classes on the chart, that the formation of any irregular verb, in all its variations, is seen at a glance. This classification of the irregular verbs in contrast with the regular conjugations, enables the learner to institute comparisons, and trace analogies between the regular and irregular verbs, and to become familiar with every feature of irregularity in the conjugation of French verbs, without the perplexity and confusion which are unavoidable in committing them to memory by rote, as laid down in French grammars. The verbs and the pronunciation are the only serious difficulties to be met with, in learning the French language. The chart affords the means of successfully overcoming the former, and a careful analysis of the French elementary sounds simplifies very much the latter. The key which accompanies the chart contains full explanation of the work, and a classified list of all the irregular verbs, a French pronouncing-table, and selections for translating from the best French writers, in which all the irregular verbs are numbered according to their classification, to enable the learner to begin translating from original French, after the first few days' study. If any doubt should be entertained in relation to the merits of this ingenious and most labor-saving chart, it would surely be dispelled by the testimony of the perfect 'cloud of witnesses' which the author appends to his circular, embracing every professor of every foreign language spoken or taught in our metropolis, with many from the better class of colleges in our sister cities.

'MEISTER KARL'S SKETCH-BOOK.' — There will be published early in December, by PERRY AND McMILLAN, Philadelphia, a volume under the above title. Our readers know well what it is, and that its author is our correspondent, CHARLES G. LELAND, Esq., of Philadelphia. Dr. GRISWOLD, in his '*Poets and Poetry of America*,' says: 'The Sketch-Book of Meister KARL,' first given to the public through the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER, is an extraordinary production, full of natural sentiment, wit, amiable humor, incidents of foreign travel, description, moralizing, original poetry, odd extracts, and curious learning, all combined so as to display effectively the author's information, vivacity, and independence, and to illustrate the life of a student of the most catholic temper and ambition, who thinks it worth his while occasionally to indulge in studies from nature as well as from books, and enjoys a life of action quite as well as one of speculation.'

DR. KANE'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION. — MESSRS. CHILDS AND PETERSON, of Philadelphia, have concluded a contract with Dr. KANE for the publication of his personal narrative of the recent Arctic expedition. It will include a variety of scientific papers, and be illustrated with maps and several hundred engravings, from daguerreotypes of Arctic scenery, taken on the spot, and also from original sketches made by the author. The work will comprise two large octavo volumes. The manuscript is in a very forward state, the greatest portion having been prepared while hemmed in by the ice, and during the voyage home. The subjects for the engravings will first be painted by an eminent artist of Philadelphia. This work will command an extensive sale.

'THE LITTLE PILGRIM.' — We are delighted to hear that this most entertaining, instructive, and beautiful little journal is about to enter upon a new volume with enlarged prospects of ample success, and with improvements even upon its present excellence. GRACE GREENWOOD (Mrs. LIPINCOTT) and her 'partner' have labored industriously and with excellent taste, in the establishment of this pleasant little journal. Their correspondence has been extensive and of the best, and their own writings have not been behind their contributions in interest. The 'little people' have a prize in the 'Little Pilgrim.'

'KLOSTERHEIM.' — Two large editions of this work, recently published by MESSRS. WHITMORE, NILES AND HALL, Boston, have already been published. We are not at all surprised at its success, for it is a work of marked interest and power. The same publishers have lately issued a new edition of the '*Life of FRANKLIN*,' in one volume octavo, handsomely bound in cloth, at the low price of \$1.50, to match LITTLE AND BROWN's edition of the '*Life of WASHINGTON*.' A very cheap and very valuable work.

NEW WORK BY MADAME GEORGE SAND. — '*Teverino, a Romance*,' by GEORGE SAND, has been translated by an American lady, and issued from the house of MESSRS. W. P. FETTERIDGE AND COMPANY, Franklin Square. The work was pronounced by the late lamented MARGARET FULLER (Countess D'Ossoli) to be 'as original as masterly in truth, and as free in invention as any thing

she had done.' This, from its source, with the known candor and capability of the critic, must certainly be considered high praise. The book is accompanied by a sketch of the distinguished authoress, from the pen of a gentleman of well-known bibliographical research.

'THE JEALOUS WIFE: OR, CONFESSIONS OF A PRETTY WOMAN,' from the press of FETRIDGE AND COMPANY, is by Miss PARDOE. The heroine, a beautiful woman of six and-twenty, sacrifices wealth, station, and her father's love, in order to marry the man of her choice, who is six years her junior, and from first to last devotedly attached to her. Soon after marriage the lady becomes jealous, and without a cause. The end is, the wreck of wedded love, a separation, and the wife's return to her father's princely establishment. It has been intimated that Miss PARDOE intends writing a sequel in which man and wife shall be reunited. Literally based upon one idea, this romance of real life is written with great artistical skill, and the interest never flags.

THE 'LIME-KILN MAN' AT THE AMERICAN MUSEUM. — Of *Domestic Dramas and Melo-Dramas*, we have had, within the last twenty-five years, in our goodly metropolis, not a few. Some have been good — many indifferent. The latest, '*The Lime-Kiln Man*,' as performed at Mr. BARNUM'S 'American Museum,' is decidedly of the former class. In the first place, we *knew* the 'hero' of the piece. He was '*among us, if not of us*;' often and often had we seen him — conversed with him — given him big apples. The personation of him, by Mr. CLARK, was a *miracle* of resemblance, in dress, manner, walk — every thing. Not a better portrait of actual, living, moving *personal presence*, has for a long time been represented upon our metropolitan stage. The whole play, considering its character, is remarkable for the avoidance of fustian and studied effects. A capital, self-possessed actor was the volatile, versatile *valet*; and very touching and natural were the personations of the heroine, and those of the wag HALDAY, and his 'POLLY:' an affectionate, rollicking, graceful, and sweet-voiced 'damsel,' who is not only a clever dramatic, but an equally clever vocal artist. Go and see '*The Lime-Kiln Man*.'

'CONVERSATION: ITS FAULTS AND ITS GRACES.' — This is a small volume, compiled by Mr. ANDREW P. PEABODY, of Boston, concerning which it is our purpose to have 'our say' hereafter. We have neither the requisite leisure nor space for this at present. Meanwhile, we present the author's purpose, as gathered from his preface. He has aimed to bring together in a small compass the principles which should govern conversation among persons of true refinement of mind and character, and to point out some of the most common and easily-besetting vulgarisms, occurring in the colloquial English of our country and time. These involve 'Hints on the Current Improperities of Writing and Speaking,' 'Mistakes of Daily Occurrence in Speaking, Writing, and Pronunciation,' etc. Publishers: MESSRS. JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY, Boston.

We would call the attention of our readers to the catalogue of the COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION in the last number of our Magazine. We have before spoken of this institution, and the advantages it offers, all which are fully set forth in the catalogue. They will this year distribute a much larger number of paintings than last year. The payment of subscription for the coming year will entitle every one to membership, and beside, subscriptions are taken in connection with the COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION for all the magazines, by our publisher, Mr. S. HUESTON, 348 Broadway. Please see notice on page next the contents.

THE present number closes the FORTY-SIXTH VOLUME OF THE KNICKERBOCKER. We desire to call the attention of every reader to the notice of the publisher himself on the page following the contents. It will be seen that the cash principle is to be strictly adhered to, and that all subscribers who desire it will be entitled to membership in the COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION. The catalogue of this institution, which sets forth in full its advantages to subscribers, can be had on application at this office.

.. NOTICES of 'The Widow BEDOTT Papers,' 'The Prisons of Weltevreden,' 'Waikna,' etc., with several other new publications, and *personal* acknowledgments (to generous 'T.,' of Boston, chief among them a,) are crowded out by the Index, Title-Page, etc., of the volume which is concluded with the present number.